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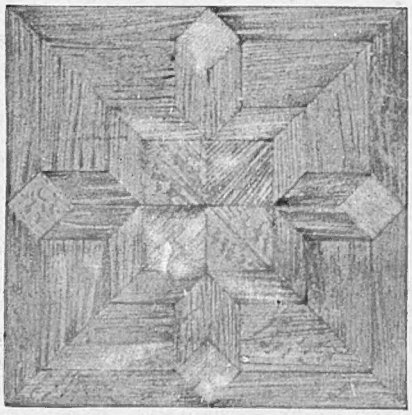

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The Bystander, February 2, 1916.—No. 635. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY

Photographed on the occasion of their wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Thursday last. The Marquis, who is the only son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, is a lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, and an aide-de-camp to the General Officer commanding the North Midland Division. His bride is the third daughter of Mr. Francis John Tennant, of Lympne Castle, Kent, and Innes House, Morayshire, and niece of Mrs. Asquith and of Lord Glenconner

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Ad Infinitum

THREE years *and* the duration of the war is, I understand, the phrase now in use in official documents.

⁂ ⁂

Small Contributions

AND this week's Great Contributions to the victorious ending thereof (which is inevitable)? To the outward eye, these seem few in number, almost negligible. The work of "killing Germans and Germans and Germans," prescribed by Father Bernard Vaughan as the arch-aim of outraged civilisation, proceeds apace, nevertheless. Affairs that occupy only two or three lines in our modest official despatches often account for thousands of the enemy, and are always, of course, comparatively bloodless so far as concerns our own gallant forces—are they not?

⁂ ⁂

Marking Time

ON the Eastern Front, the great Russian offensive seems once again to be taking a breather, and it may be weeks—even months, possibly—before our newspapers are able again to enliven the town with placards of crushing triumphs on the part of our Great Eastern Ally. Down South—in Salonica (the Dixie of the Great War)—things seem to have come to a complete standstill, and Greece has gone clean out of the news. There might be no such a person as Tino, while General Sarrail has not been reported as having arrested a single Consul, occupied a Greek island, or blown up a single viaduct. Have we become a neutral Power in the Balkans—too proud to fight, and so on—or are we just waiting again for that spring of all our hopes, which always brings prospective success to our arms, and never anything but evil to those of the enemy?

⁂ ⁂

Deeds Still Wanted

IN the absence of decisive actions of any kind, the British public is always provided with admirably decisive words. The latest declaration of our unyielding intentions comes from His Majesty the King, who cheered his loyal lieges by announcing his determination "to carry our flag to a final and decisive victory." In a message to the House of Commons, it was declared that "we shall not lay down our arms until we have vindicated the cause which carries with it the future of civilisation." All the country now looks for is some translation of these admirable professions into practices. That is to say, it wants to see the war *got on with*. It wants to see some real move made by the Allies in France: also to be allowed once and for all to understand whether we do or do not intend to carry out the blockade policy to its logical conclusion, neutrals or no neutrals.

Photograph COLONEL W. E. GORDON, V.C. *Vandyk*

The distinguished C.O. of the Gordon Highlanders who was taken prisoner during the great retreat in September, 1914, and has been interned in Germany, seriously ill, ever since. He returned to England last week, having been exchanged, thanks to the good offices of the King of Spain, for the German Prince Salm Salm, who was interned over here

⁂ ⁂

Talk

THE recovery by the Kaiser of his powers of speech (of which our evening newspapers had so patriotically deprived him) enabled him to talk quite a lot to his obsequious Bulgar vassals. But if Wilhelm thought he was going to succeed in outtalking Ferdinand, he knows better now. Not only can Ferdinand rise to Kaiser-like heights, but he can do it in Latin. I am not sure that his proficiency in that tongue has not been the greatest blow the Kaiser has suffered in the war. Never before, to my recollection, has *he* talked nonsense in a dead language. But let Ferdinand wait for the day when William dines in Athens. He will then hear much that will be Greek to him.

⁂ ⁂

"Egypt"

INTO the ears of Lord Northcliffe's bright young man who dined with the Kaiser in Nish, and travelled on the Orient express with Ferdy, on his way back from Asia Minor and Constantinople, and on his way to Vienna and Berlin (no wonder the other papers were rather cross last week), Enver Pasha uttered brief words of grave import. Turkey is quite determined, and its motto is "Egypt." Well, we shall see. It may be that Germany wills otherwise. If

(*Continued on page 182*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 181)

she has fifty thousand Germans in Constantinople (which the *Mail* man doubts), I doubt whether she will throw them away on the desert when there is a chance of Germany doing really good business for herself by sending them to Mesopotamia, or—better still—keeping them hanging about Asia Minor, pegging out claims for the great to-morrow. "Egypt," in my considered judgment, is a German dodge whereby she can get as many Germans into Asia Minor as possible, to keep Turks in order, not to trouble about entrenched Britons of the Anzac variety.

⁂ ⁂

Week-End Alarms—

THE week ended interestingly, if a trifle alarmingly. The German attacks on the Somme and around Arras prove that there is an unpleasant amount of superfluous life in the old enemy dog, and that parts of even the Allied front are not invulnerable. They also suggest that an offensive in mid-winter is not necessarily impossible. In other words, the enemy doesn't wait until the spring, and when he *intends* to do a thing he *doesn't* brag about it in advance, as some others do.

⁂ ⁂

—And an Excursion

FOR instance, who in the world ever supposed that there would be such a thing as a Zep. raid on Paris? We have been given to understand for weeks past that London was to be the scene again. And eighty miles an hour, too, with bombs at the rate of thirteen a minute! It gives powerfully to think, and we shall have to have lots more speeches to keep our optimism up to normal.

⁂ ⁂

What Doing?

HAPPILY, Mr. George and Mr. Bonar Law, who happened to be in Paris for the week-end, got safely away in apparent ignorance of the raid. Did the Germans know there was another Conference on? They seem to be so *much* better informed than we are about most things: perhaps they not only knew in advance of these Ministerial delegations, but know also what is the meaning of them. A visit by the Minister of Munitions to a Paris conference seems natural enough, but what is the Minister of the Colonies doing over there?

"Granfader, vot are you doing in der great vor?"

⁂ ⁂

Dr. Wilson, Diplomat

IT seems to be taken pretty well for granted that President Wilson's mildly menacing speech about "dangers" refers exclusively to America's relations with Germany. The President himself, however, didn't say so. I think Dr. Wilson will probably go down to history as the cleverest diplomatist of these days, the possession of whom the Americans will be said to have been universally envied.

⁂ ⁂

A Shattered Delusion

IT has been quite agreeable to have had another fond delusion shattered—the delusion that nobody visited our museums. Now that it is proposed to close them, one discovers that they are the favourite daily rendezvous of the entire staffs and all the readers of all the daily newspapers. You may have left editors cold by depriving them of their morning or mid-afternoon "reviver," but to shut them off from their mummies, their mastodons, and their lepidopteræ is intolerable. And all for the saving of a paltry £50,000 a year—the cost of a quarter of an hour of the war! Surely it would be better—I hope the allusion is not treasonable—surely it would be better to decide to conclude hostilities at ten o'clock on the Day instead of ten fifteen, rather than deprive Fleet Street of its fossils?

⁂ ⁂

Reprisals?

THE German papers announce that a certain number of English women are to be expelled from Berlin as a reprisal for the recent deportation by the British Government of a like number of German women from England. Where the "reprisal" comes in it is a little difficult to discover. The German women were doubtless sorry on the whole to be deported, but nothing, we imagine, can give those English women greater satisfaction than their expulsion from Berlin.

⁂ ⁂

Those Exemptions

THE extravagant number of exemptions which are apparently to be allowed under the Compulsion Bill—conscientious objections, sole supports, reserved trades, etc., etc.—makes one suspect that the "Compulsory Voluntarism" of the past eighteen months or so is to be replaced by a system of "Voluntary Compulsion." Either or both of the systems would probably have the same result, but then we must have further legislative changes, and new bills and things, otherwise M.P.'s couldn't be exempted, could they?

⁂ ⁂

From a "Globe" Poster

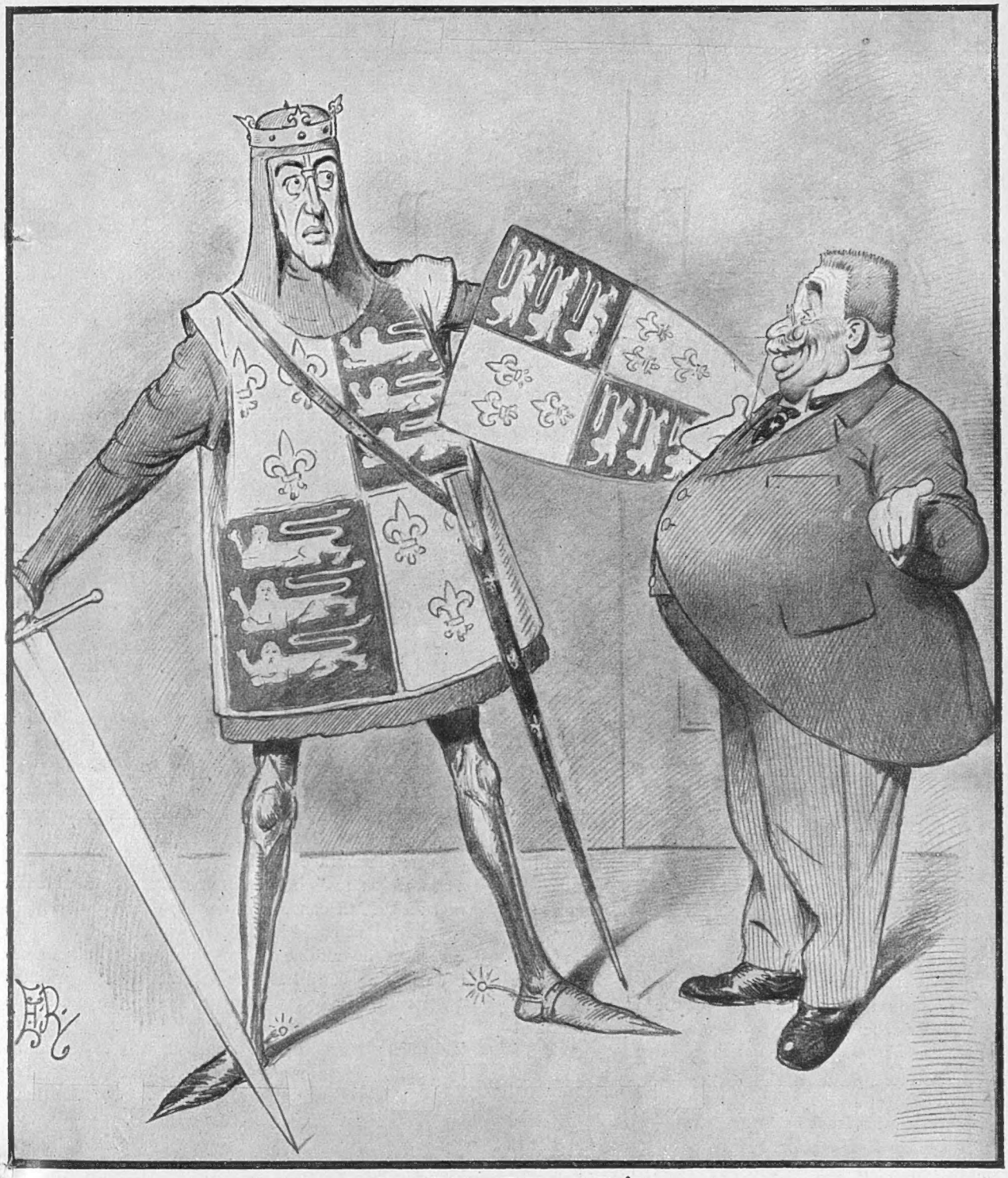
ITALY AND THE BALKANS

SECRET CABINET MEETING

THE abandonment by our Allies of the time-honoured custom of holding Cabinets in public is a sign of the times.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

In Earnest This Time?—



—Or His New Rôle

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON (arrayed as Henry V.) TO GERMAN: "See here now! I've had just 'bout enough of your 'liddle pizness talks 'bout the Lusitania,' and all your other villainies!! I reckon now I'll just 'imitate the action of the tiger,' 'stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,' and things o' that k'nd!! 'Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage,' 'lend to the eye a terrible aspect,' and a heap more like that; and don't you forget it!!!"

Et Tu, Horatio!——

THE unquestionable patriotism of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, whose services to recruiting have not yet received the honour they deserve, entitles him to be regarded as to some extent an authority on the national policy. Readers of his weekly organ will, therefore, have read with exceptional interest the following statement in the current number:

"*It may be assumed that the outlines of a general settlement have been provisionally agreed on amongst the Allied Powers.*"

The paragraph is headed "Peace!"

* *

Lastly—

NOW, *don't* forget to secure at once your copy of THE BYSTANDER'S "Fragments from France," the Bairnsfather Book, the funniest contribution to the history of the war. It is, I understand, now on sale, and the price is one shilling net.

THE BOOM IN KULTUR

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL IN A LEADING BRITISH NEWSPAPER

FAR too little praise has been lavished on the *Daily Mail* by journals outside its own charmed circle for its success in having secured for the public, at rather a dull moment in the war, so interesting a series of articles as those which describe the personal experiences of its correspondent in having visited Nish, Constantinople, Asia Minor, and (subsequently) the capitals of the enemy Empires themselves, and while there of dining, travelling, or chatting with such personages as the Kaiser, Tsar Ferdinand, Enver Pasha, etc., etc. I doubt if ever in the history of journalism has a war correspondent been able to boast of such an enterprise in the enemy's terrain, and I take off my hat to my contemporary.

THE more remarkable is its success in view of the fact—emphasised by its correspondent—that the journals with which he is connected are "as much disliked by the Germans in Germany as by the pro-Germans in England." If German dislike was great before, it will be even greater now, for one of these has been able, apparently, to beat the journalists of the Fatherland itself in securing exclusive descriptions of events which have only, according to the *Times*, received sparse treatment in the German Press. The *Daily Mail* representative has been able to do, to hear, and to see things that have been forbidden even to German newspapers. Imagine the feelings of the Frankfurt and Cologne Gazettes!

HERE is this great trans-European train, from Berlin to Bagdad (and further), the arch-symbol of Germanic victory, and of the progress of kultur from west to east: here is the first really spacious description of a ride in its luxurious carriages (in company with High-and-Mightiness) given to the world not by one of their own correspondents, but by the hired man of the ever-to-be-detested organ of the arch-enemy of the Hun! Must there not be gnashing of teeth in the Fatherland at the success of the trickery, perfidy, etc., of the nation whose journalists are able thus to seduce their way into the heart of the Germanic countries, breaking through the hitherto impenetrable barriers that protect the sacred person of the War Lord, and, after a safe and comfortable return, to sit down and reveal to their readers secret after secret?

HERE is the *Daily Mail* able to tell the English people of the true state of the Kaiser's health, of Ferdinand's wobble, of who was present at the banquet, what was eaten and drunk there, the music played, and so on. He is able to tell us how well German and Bulgar officers seem to get on together; to record the wonders of German industry in being able to repair the Danube bridges, to testify to the high spirits (despite low diet) of the Turk after his victory in Gallipoli, and otherwise to *disclose to her enemy* the truth as to the state of affairs in Germany and allied countries! Indignation is bound to be rife in the Fatherland at the carelessness of the authorities in nursing, and even, apparently, being positively kind to, this viper in their bosom. Where were the secret police, where the spies, where was everybody?

REALLY, I don't see what consolation the German authorities will be able to offer their enraged penmen. Probably they will resort as usual to mendacity. Probably they will urge that it has been of positive *benefit* to them and to the Germanic cause that a London daily newspaper, exercising enormous influence, should have been able to put before the "deluded" British public, fed up with false beliefs in the inevitable success of the Allies, such striking facts as to the omnipotence of Germany in the East, and the confidence in her of her Bulgar and Turkish "dupes." The Wilhelmstrasse may go to the length of making out that the *Daily Mail's* articles have been so valuable to the cause of Germany that they were specially arranged for or "winked at." It may be pretended that they knew all along that the *Daily Mail* young man was out for a "scoop," and helped him to attain it.

THE articles may be pointed to as written in a strain anything but unfavourable to Germany and her cause: on the contrary, it may be hinted by these desperate liars, they are positively favourable to her. Reading them, an average Englishman may be inclined to say to himself that against an enemy so energetic, so uniformly successful, so skilled in the arts of peace and war alike, continuance of the struggle must be hopeless. Encouragement may be given to British peace cranks: discouragement to British soldiers and—*recruits!* It may be represented that the articles in the *Daily Mail* constitute the finest advertisement of Germany that could have been given to the world, in the most favourable of possible quarters: that no train in the world has ever received such a priceless "write-up" as has the great Berlin-Constantinople express. And it is conceivable that these German journalists, used to being bluffed, will settle down to believe what has been told them! They may be secretly anxious to interview the *Daily Mail* man for hints as to how he does these things.

WE over here know, of course, that the sole purpose of our great contemporary in telling us "The Truth" about the wonderful successes of the enemy is to inspire us with further determination to bring him and his false idols crumbling to the dust. Once again, we repeat, the *Daily Mail* is entitled to the fullest congratulations on its enterprise. Should we be able ourselves, at some future time, to "elude the vigilance of the German authorities" and take a joy-ride in the luxurious German-Orient express [advt.], in close company of Kings, Princes and Pashas, etc. etc., we shall always pen our panegyrics in grateful recollection of the fact that we are only following in the footsteps of the great one who got there first. V. C.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *January* 31, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT we're all rather wondering here in England, now, is—what *are* luxuries? Bananas aren't (I suppose 'cos they're so really dreadfully dull), but peaches are, and clocks and watches and motors for joy rides—no more lining-up in the Park alongside the Achilles Statue the while you take a stroll as far as the rabbits and back—and grand pianos and museums.

"We came on them suddenly in the garden blooming away in odd sheltered corners here and there"

AND we shan't get any of them any more, or not much of them, anyway, after—well, the date's still got to be fixed by the Government, and the poor dear old things do so hate committing themselves to anything really definite, don't they?

WHAT they ought to have done, of course, was to cut down the luxuries directly the war started, right on the crest of the first war wave of enthusiasm and patriotism, you know. Then we'd all have got pretty well used to doing without them by now, and even, perhaps, got within sight of the happy time when we might enjoy some of them, at any rate, with a clear conscience. And might have been spared, too, the not altogether heartening spectacle of England doing a sort of a modern Nero turn and busily running pleasure as usual while her sons fought for her and died and were forgotten.

AND perhaps it would have looked prettier, too, if we'd done it all on our own and not waited till we were forced, like naughty children. But I suppose that's hardly human nature, is it? As for anyone kicking—well, do any of us *ever* kick, unless, of course, we're rich Radicals with vested interests? And at the beginning of the war people were simply longing to be told to do things and give up things so as to help. Instead, they positively implored us to do everything as usual, 'specially in the spending line.

NOT that we've really quite done that, of course. Seems that the way men have given up their golf clubs—like their town clubs—right and left has made a good lot of them close down, and there'll be more before long. Looks like rather a horrid waste—doesn't it?—when you think of the thousands that were spent and the earnest committee meetings people used to hold, and come back quite cross and tired from babbling of grass seed and worm-killers and things, just to get all the courses in condition that'll turn now into hayfields and paddocks.

"But things like this, you know, must be *Before* a famous victory."

And as long as it *is* victory in the end nothing matters, does it?

"A soldier-man 'out there' wants me to put my picture in the paper"

I OFTEN wonder, by the way, what on earth they talk about now there isn't any golf—all those men (and just a few women too) who never talked of nuffing else but the royal and ancient game of hitting a poor little ball about till the unfortunate object—the ball, I mean, of course—either turned black in the face or else went and lost or drowned itself in sheer self-defence.

THEY can't *all* have turned volunteers or Special Constables or something, can they? Anyway, one doesn't hear half so much chat about forming fours and carrying on and that sort of thing as you used to

(*Continued on page 186*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 185*)

about laying your approach dead and stymies and things. When woe betide you if you tried to change the subject! When Meredith, I've just read somewhere, sometimes tried to lift the talk of a commonplace company to his own high imaginative plane he was generally left discoursing alone, while the rest grew cross and bored. Which is simply nothing to the things that happened when you tried to "lift" the golfer. If looks alone could kill, you died a thousand deaths.

"Nice little 1936 soldier-men"

❀ ❀

RATHER English, isn't it, by the way, that one of the results of the war is a perfectly prodigious demand there's been from working people for rose-trees? — so I hear, at least. Healthy sign, don't you think so? Shows that even the masses are determined life shan't be *all* horror and sadness, and so they're taking steps anyway to clothe summer in beauty by growing in their gardens that sweetest flower that blows, our lovely English rose.

❀ ❀

AND as for "Society" and those of us who, without being millionaires or duchesses, manage all the same, somehow, to get most of the things we want—we've not let even war interfere with the modern cult of the flower. The fortnightly shows have been going on in Westminster same as ever, and already they've fixed a date for the big Chelsea one, not to mention Holland House. In the Parks, too, they haven't economised too drastically on the flower-beds, and even flowers, of course, nowadays, have to keep in the movement and be bigger and more beautiful every year, or else be written down also-rans, wash-outs, or not-done's.

❀ ❀

ALL the same, you know, in those little bursts of spring we've been having such a lovely lot of, it wasn't the orchids and roses in Bond Street, but the quite ordinary unsophisticated flowerets that gave one a sudden heart-leap and an ache inside, as we came on them suddenly in the garden, blooming away with a sort of neat abandon too alluring for words in odd sheltered corners here and there.

❀ ❀

THE snowdrops and the primroses reminded us that the dear warm earth was waking once more from sleep—Nature's annual miracle, hasn't someone called it?—

When spring unlocks the flowers
To paint the laughing soil.

And then—then one remembered to what she was waking. . . . Everything just the opposite of what the coming of spring ought to mean, ugly smashing and crashing and killing, and mourning for our splendid dead, instead of new life and the budding of young things.

❀ ❀

BY the way, talking of young things, I don't know if you noticed that THE BYSTANDER man in Paris is afraid he shocked "Blanche" last week 'cos of his delicate, but obvious, remarks about the steps they're taking in *la belle France* now so as to make sure of a plentiful supply of nice little 1936 soldier-men.

❀ ❀

NOT at all. Not a bit. In fact, we're doing much the same thing over here—I mean—no I don't. Sorry.

❀ ❀

A SOLDIER-MAN "out there" wants me to put my picture in the paper—"It would relieve," he says, "a great deal of the strain of curiosity which your letters have caused, and you know we get enough strain in the ordinary way out here." Well—you never can tell, you know. It *might* add to it!

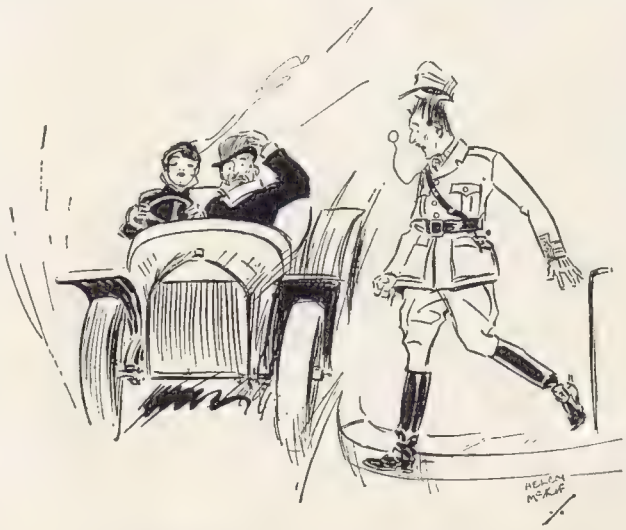
❀ ❀

THE cavalryman who offered to bet that Miss McKie could not draw a horse "lepping" has sent me a criticism of the drawing which was her answer to the challenge—you will remember it appeared in the paper a fortnight ago—and what's more has "dropped into poetry." But I must put off telling you what the gifted author has to say till next week.

❀ ❀

AND another G.A., who's sure he'll beat the Navy's recent poetic efforts by a short head, writes:

It's difficult to rhyme to thee,
Though thou art fair as fair can be!
I do not care one ration ham,
If you are either girl or man.
But trust that fate gives me a chance
To kiss your lily hand, dear Blanche.
It's hardly worth my while to say,
These stanzas come from R.F.A.



"You should just see them—some of the fair things who drive motors—coming round the corners"

Oh, oh. . . . *That* brings home the horrors of war to us, doesn't it? Talk about poet's license—it simply isn't in it when our licentious soldiery get going.

(*Continued on page 188*)

Infirmière Instead of Débutante

Photograph *Compton Collier*

A CHARMING "AT HOME" PORTRAIT OF THE HON. JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER

The only child of Lord and Lady Islington. Although only eighteen years of age, she has been doing really hard hospital work at Lady Islington's home in Chesterfield Gardens, which has been turned into a hospital for officers, and where many very serious cases are being treated. Under happier circumstances, she would have been a débutante of this season

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 186)

BUT I don't mind, do you, s'long as they go on being so nice to us and saying nice things about us and thinking we're so nice? One I ventured just to thank the other day for what he'd done for us out there—he came from his home in Africa to fight and be wounded for England — simply answered "Bosh, dear Blanche, bosh! It's the women who have, and are, and will do anything for us. I know little or nothing of England, but I know something of the kindness of her womenfolk to us strangers, and the Lord do so to me and more also if I forget it!"

I'M afraid, though, we're not *all* the ministering angel kind in England—now. You should just see them—some of the fair things who drive motors—coming round the corners. No time to hoot, even, so busy, and the men who recline in the cushy seat at their sides wishing they'd led a better life, death seems so near so often.

WHICH reminds me, it must be rather depressing for some of them, the men, I mean, the way women are doing all the work they used to do, and doing it, too, without turning a hair or losing a hair-pin. It really looks as if man's only real and special and exclusive vocation is fighting, and—er—of *course*, love-making. And even that women take a hand at—in other countries!

QUITE sure, anyway, they'd do better in the W.O. than some of those poor, bleary-eyed old dug-outs you can see any fine morning tottering down Whitehall to lunch at their antediluvian clubs (where girl "buttons" are the latest innovation: but it's forbidden to press these buttons), tapping their way along the pavement with their gold-knobbed sticks and dozing away for hours afterwards while the Army looks after itself.

'COURSE they take themselves too seriously—that's the result of generations of being taken the other way—but I simply can't see them, can you, feeding every other day at the Savoy or Ciro's or the Ritz same as our Ministers do, or calmly collaring a monster London hotel as the only suitable place to do their work in? They might possibly, too, have done just *something* by way of trying to stop air raids.

THE Commons are having a little holiday, as I told you, and two more peers are getting married this week—love simply *laughs* at war's alarms, doesn't it? One's over seventy, and is committing matrimony for the third time; yes, and the other's on the shadier side of sixty, and not a bachelor, either. I always think it's a simply tremendous advertisement for marriage when such much-married people go and do it again, so to speak, don't you? Shows, as someone's said, that if woman makes all the trouble in life it's woman who makes life worth all the trouble.

"INFLUENCE," OR CLIMBING THE LADDER OF PROMOTION

By Starr Johns

I'VE just been told on "the best authority"—it always is that, of course—that we're to be invaded for certain, and soon. And that the 'ated 'uns have got the ships and the men all ready, what ho! And that K. of K. has always "firmly and irreconcilably expected it." And that that's why he's kept an army here.

MEANTIME, Sir Edward Carson, ex-Cabinet Minister, talked all last week in the Court of Appeal without stopping once all about whether the Slingsby baby was—or wasn't—the Slingsby baby, and as he's a very, very great man at the Bar, and gets paid I simply don't know how much per hour and day and minute, naturally—

> He talked them deaf, he talked them blind,
> Of smell and touch and taste bereft them.
> And when to murder they inclined,
> He talked them petrified, and left them.

AND there was a warm time in the House when A. J. B. "made a statement," and quite a heated controversy about whether they should or shouldn't, as there's a war on, you know, hold Cruft's dog show next week or not. Amusing people, aren't we? And such confirmed and convinced sleep-quietly-in-our-bed-ites that I really don't think we'd realise any more about the war even if we *were* invaded!

I'VE just had such a nice letter from the Garden of Eden—one of our fighting fronts. The soldier-man who sends it says he's not surprised about Eve—she must have needed *some* distraction. More next week.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Up-to-Date Economy

COMBINATION GOWN FOR WAR-TIME

[Can be used for either day or evening wear. To change from day to evening wear, unbutton seams round shoulders, allowing sleeves and back of bodice to fall. Adjust back of bodice, suitably tying sleeves. The bonnet adds a finishing touch]

BY LEWIS BAUMER

THE NEAR HEREAFTER

IV.—THE PLIGHT OF THE PROFESSIONAL CLASSES

ALTHOUGH for a generation or so the professional classes have sent three out of every five Members of Parliament they have been sacrificed on every legislative altar. Capital and Labour have held the battledores, and the unhappy "in-betweens" have been the shuttlecocks. They were bled in the peace before the war, they have been bled white during the war, and it seems certain that an even more terrible time is in store for them—unless they defend themselves, as quite easily they can.

CAPITAL and Labour have had the game to themselves. And what a game it has been! Labour, before the war, deliberately kept output to a minimum, and zealous Trade Union officials stood with a bludgeon over the head of the outrageous worker who dared to do an honest day's work. And Mr. Lloyd George himself was the Trade Unionist's patron saint. He was the Cabinet apologist for the industrial slacker. Now he has his hands full in trying to cope with the men whom he himself has corrupted. Even before the war, things went ill with the professional classes and the consumer generally. The goods they bought cost far more than they should have done, since the producers would not play fair.

DURING the war Labour, in many instances very grudgingly, has increased its output, and has exposed its hand to Capital. It has proved that it *can* do a good day's work if it wishes to. And Capital has also exposed its hand to Labour. It has pulled out bigger wages, and has shown that it *can* do so without being ruined. Well, what will happen in the future now that these antagonists know each other's strength? The answer to this question is of life and death importance to the professional classes, who are slammed by both Capital and Labour.

OF course, the Trade Unionists hold the Government's pledge that when the war is over they shall be set back in their privileged position, with all their restrictions of output and hours. And Capital will instantly retort, "Less work—less money." Then the national strike and hell for everybody! It would, of course, be thoroughly in keeping with our national imbecility that we should have a national strike at the very critical time when old stocks should be swiftly replaced and new markets should be resolutely captured. If any such madness befalls us we shall assuredly lose the war at home, whatever our belated successes may have been on the field.

ALL this may be averted if Labour should prove reasonable and Capital should be just. Unhappily it is the worst labour leaders, just as it is the worst employers, who make all the trouble. But the Fate of the country should not be determined by partisan passion and cupidity. The State must step in. Neither side must be allowed to fill its pockets at the cost of a national catastrophe. In those days we shall want a fat Defence of the Realms Act and military law with lots of work for clanking Generals and brisk Provost-Marshals. And Parliament must be shut up so that the vicious vote-hunters are put out of action.

TO the professional classes there is an even greater danger than that just indicated. We are to have high tariffs. Remember that. Already nearly every industry is part of a combine. Supposing Capital and Labour joined hands. Supposing they came together and Labour said to Capital, "Give us the old conditions and the present pay, and take it out of the consumer. You can arrange among yourselves that there shall be no competition at home, and your men and our men in Parliament will put up a Tariff wall and keep the corner to ourselves."

ONE likes to feel that it is unthinkable that this or anything like it should happen. But let us not be fools. We have had profiteers in war-time, and we have them still. Sections of Capital and Labour have tumbled over each other to get "blood money." If they do this in war, will they not do the same in peace? I am confident, however, that on the grand scale no such blackguardly outrage will be attempted. The vast majority of capitalists, and by far the greater part of the workers, would scorn to join so infamous a conspiracy. But if, happily, there be a shortage of rogues we can always rely on a plethora of bungling fools, and a very similar disaster may befall the professional classes if we are not on the alert.

WE must not dream of having Tariffs without safeguards for the consumers. Tariffs by eliminating over-sea competition will, at least, put it in the power of the producers—both Capital and Labour—to enrich themselves by charging for essentials any price they care to demand. Have Tariffs by all means, but have a fair price-list, too, and if in the case of any commodity the price is not fair—then down with that Tariff and give the consumer his due.

THERE is no class that deserves better from the State than that for which I plead. None has already suffered so heavily in this war. While their sons have gone to the slaughter they themselves have been brought near to starvation at home.

BUT the war is to wipe out class differences? Don't you believe it. The events of a few years, however tragic and devastating, will not, and cannot, change the inherited and fundamental distinctions of centuries. I fear that when the war is over we shall be just as we were—only worse. Money will count for more because there will be less of it, and even more on the hunt for it. "Are we really *worth* dying for?" Personally, I think not, but I will refer the question to the first Angel I chance on who may be blessed with a sense of humour.

Provost-Marshal Please Note

WE reproduce the above photograph not with an intention to prejudice the two officers and gentlemen (who are shown in the act of holding the battered fragments of the bowler hat of a "peace-crank" orator in Trafalgar Square), but with the kindly purpose of suggesting to others who may be induced by a section of the Press to go and do likewise that the attitude is hardly becoming in officers and—gentlemen. The Army is the Army: that is to say, it is presumed to be actively engaged. When its members are on leave, or at leisure, it is expected of them that they will amuse themselves furiously, but take as little part in domestic politics as possible. That they should think it dignified to figure at public meetings in a breaking-up capacity, and take part in brawls with public speakers, however misguided, seems somehow improper, and we think the attention of the Provost-Marshal should be drawn to such cases. As a matter of public policy, it seems to us to be a wrongful use of the King's uniform to employ it in a political capacity at the present moment. Those responsible for tempting young officers and soldiers into affrays with civilian "orators"—cranky or otherwise—may live to regret their actions. It was from such small beginnings that Prussian militarism—*i.e.* the military control of politics—began with results familiar to all the world. England is, subject to war conditions, still a free country, and if a man chooses to make a fool of himself by proclaiming the "brotherhood of man," or anything of that sort, the best course is to leave him to his folly. To make him the victim of organised military attack is to make a small hero of him, to advertise the foolish sentiments he professes, and thereby, perhaps, to enlist for them the sympathy of forces best left latent.

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

SIR EDWARD CARSON is a great man. It is even possible that he is to have a great Party all for himself. He is, at any rate, one of our very few national leaders of men, and yet—while we are told the Empire is in peril Sir Edward's one care is the Slingsby Baby.

⁂ ⁂

WHY should not the whole Cabinet devote themselves to Babies? A *crèche* in Downing Street, with nice gentle gossipy perambulator exercise on the Horse Guards Parade. Mother Asquith's soothing syrup and Mr. George's funny gestures; Auntie MacKenna with a pretty cap and sweet Cousin Lulu, with K. of K. thrown in to make a pleasing scandal. The country, I am sure, would get along quite as well, and everyone would be far jollier. Mr. Balfour, with nice long white strings to his bonnet, would make the most delightful of grannies.

⁂ ⁂

AND why should they not wheel out naughty editors and coo prettily to some and soundly spank others. Lollipops for the *Daily Telegraph* until the crafty rascal was sick, and pots of brimstone for most of the rest. Young "Northie," for one, would be a devil of a handful!

⁂ ⁂

THERE are some people who have no chance of being good. Let us weep together over the pathetic lot of Mr. Pease, the Postmaster-General. He had an ex-Cabinet Minister's pension of £900 a year. But the country was in need, and he gave it up. He went to his constituents and made a most beautiful speech about giving it up. And everyone cheered to the echo. But——before the world was many days older he got the vacant Postmaster-Generalship and much more of the country's money than ever.

"VIVE L'ENTENTE!"

SERVANT: "If you know wot we 'ave, why carn't you leave it on the winder-ledge, same's the milk does?"

BAKERESS (taking over soldier-brother's round): "My brother said as you always come to the door here"

SERVANT: "Ho! did 'e—— Well, it's a case of 'hotres toms hotres mewers'—as our gallant Hallies says!"

⁂ ⁂

PEASE Pudding Hot,
Pease Pudding Cold,
Pease Pudding in a Pot,
Nine Days Old.

⁂ ⁂

IT is said that Mr. Lloyd George is to be the new leader of what is to do duty for the old Conservative Party. Politically, this gentleman represents "damaged goods." Labour will not even listen to him, perhaps the Dukes will take him to their bosom. But—horrible thought—why should the Dukes be in the new Party?

⁂ ⁂

A DEAR friend of mine—a gallant young officer wounded from the Front who dabbled in politics before Mars displaced Ananias—tells me this story. "I was knocked out. I could not see for the blood that streamed over my eyes, and a fellow came and wiped it away, and cried, 'Oh, sir—fancy finding *you*, sir—don't you remember me, Mr. ——, of the Budget Protest League!'"

⁂ ⁂

IT is all very well to say that we are going to turn everything upside down *after* the war. But how? Earthquakes require stage-managing. I remember well the case of the old London Vestries when Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister. He hated changes, and flatly refused to abolish them. Then a certain shrewd person had an idea. He believed that Lord Salisbury had never seen a single vestryman, and resolved that he should see them all. He persuaded a peer to invite them to his house in Grosvenor Square to meet the Prime Minister.

⁂ ⁂

THEY came. In *char-à-bancs*, in 'buses, in costers' carts they came. They violated the sanctity of the Square, and rushed the house. They grabbed fowls and ate them with their fingers, and drank the house up in half an hour. They mobbed amazed serving-men and filled their pockets with looted cigars. And Lord Salisbury saw them and abolished them out of hand.

⁂ ⁂

THE Mile End Election is said to have been remarkable for the number of "deads" that were polled. I remember the old soldier who saluted a certain candidate and whimpered, "Captain—hic-hic. I've voted three times already for you—and now the —— inside the polling-booth says I am dead."

⁂ ⁂

WHAT about the Belgians in our midst? There are able-bodied men who are *not* fighting for their country. Instead, we are giving them as munition-workers three times the wages they ever got in Belgium. Oh, we are a lovely crowd!

Unquestionable

J. BULL: "Is it absolutely necessary to keep everyone in the dark like this?"
P.C. ASQUITH: "Well, no, perhaps it isn't absolutely necessary—but it's very convenient"

BY STARR JOHNS

A Gentle "Grouse"

BY A VERY JUNIOR CAPTAIN

The Fly in the Ointment

LET me say at once I am, in spite of this title, no grouser. I have no sympathy with grousers. They bore me, in the idiom, stiff. When one has endured the intense discomfort of being in a "salient," of too intimate acquaintance with Quarries, with roads running to places like Hulluch, it would be the height of folly to grouse because one finds oneself once more using roads that, mainly, lead to London Town. It is such an extremely pleasant change that it is intensely discomforting to find one's almost absolute bliss spoiled by some of those "lit. e things which do really matter." And, when you come to think of it, small things are sometimes indications of others not so small. . . .

"Report to the O.C."

WHEN you join a new station you arrive, having carefully taken forty-eight hours after receiving your orders from "War Office X.Y.Z. 99½b" to get there, at the headquarters of the said station, and report to the adjutant. Now, the War Office tells you to report to the O.C. It doesn't mean it, though. Well-meaning and seriously minded subalterns take orders without the necessary pinch of salt. Having been told to go to the O.C., they go. They don't do it again. *Experto crede*: but that is another story.

That Hat

HOWEVER, on this occasion the temporary gentleman of the story was no neophyte. He had been through it, in England, France, and the remains of Belgium. So, having been told to "report to the O.C. of Blank, Blank, as soon as possible," he arranged to go to the theatre that evening, and dine with some friends on the following evening, and the day after that, perhaps, it would be as well to use that railway warrant. So, having used it, and arrived, he went to see the adjutant.

"What is that you've got on your head?" asked the Adjutant, when James had saluted and explained who he was (we will call him James, if you don't mind much; it saves lots of trouble.) James removed "that," turned it over, and looked at it lovingly. It was a comfortable hat. True, it was one of the "soft" variety, and inclined to flop over at the side. Also, it was a trifle weather-beaten. Still, it did its duty manfully—or perhaps one ought to say, "hatfully." It had been with James in many a tight corner. He had a strong affection for it. "What is the thing?" repeated the Adjutant. "It looks like a hat, sir," said James in the tone of one who is, of course, pretty certain of the accuracy of his statement, but quite politely open to argument and conviction on the point. "Oh, well, don't let me see the thing again," said the Adjutant. "You must wear a hard hat here. Orderly room to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Those Spurs

JAMES went sadly out and bought a hard hat. Ruefully in the evening he watched his servant transfer his badge to the new garment. At ten next day he attended Orderly Room. "Surely you know you must wear spurs here?" said the C.O., frowning.

And James, though his unit was strictly a mounted one, had no use for a horse in France. A thoughtful Government had provided him with a car in which to do his job instead. He went out and sadly bought a pair of spurs. Curious things, spurs. In France you wear them when necessary for riding. In England the junior officer must always wear them when on foot. In riding-school he is made to take them off. So sensible, isn't it?

Likewise those Slacks

MATTERS of etiquette smote James during the ensuing week in ever-increasing force. He discovered that he must not wear slacks with shoes except in mess. That he must wear slacks at dinner unless he were Orderly Dog. That he might wear slacks at the local theatre with boots. That he must on no account wear slacks at all out of doors anywhere else. That he must on no account go up to town in these perplexing garments. That he must always wear his Sam Browne belt. That he must never wear his Sam Browne belt in the mess, et cetera, et cetera, *ad nauseam*.

Making the Best of It

JAMES was an old hand, as Temporaries go. He soon learnt these things. He had been at Aldershot for training in the early days of the war, and he soon remembered all the old details of what one can and what one cannot do. So he did not repine. He just did what he should and carefully refrained from doing what he should not, and in course of time, to his intense relief, he was sent away to train in the country with a new unit for service again overseas.

Wanted a Business Man

NOW this is a true story, and perhaps it is not a very important one, but it is an indication of the extraordinarily clinging manner of the sanguinary (coloured, of course) tape which seems to bind the New Army as it binds the old one—or used to in the happier days when the Old Army really existed. Those in authority in home stations have, apparently, time to worry about the trifling details of correct dress. Administrative Departments seem equally to have time to worry over all kinds of petty details which don't matter one tinker's curse in the conduct of the war. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, some time ago, drew a picture of an unfortunate colonel in a dug-out under considerable shell-fire being rung-up on the 'phone and asked to supply a report on the number of tins of strawberry jam issued to him the previous day. It was a most amusing picture. But there was a bitter truth in it. It is the sort of thing that happens in hundreds of other ways.

Is the man forthcoming who can change these things?

H. B. A

Homeless Hollanders

VISITED BY THEIR SYMPATHETIC QUEEN

Photograph *Continental*

QUEEN WILHELMINA ON THE ISLAND OF MARKEN

In the course of a visit to several places which had been badly devastated by the recent floods, the Queen of Holland crossed by motor-boat to the Island of Marken, where she exhibited deep sympathy with her homeless people, and spoke words of consolation to the relatives of those who had lost their lives

"Somewhere in Flanders"

"TUBES OF PAINT"

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

One of the minor surprises of the war is the astonishing variety of vocations represented by nearly every man you meet. My former servant, for instance, was a bespoke bootmaker of Belcham-Saint-Paul's, while my present servant is (of all things) a master glass-blower in a "very large way of business," and sometimes in his confidential moments of a winter's evening he regales me with some of the little-known facts of the seamy side of his mysterious calling. My interpreter was for years an attendant in a lunatic asylum, and will bear to his grave a scar over the right eyebrow received in action from a gentleman who erroneously believed himself to be the most successful heavy-weight pugilist the world has ever known. My clerk, Private Williams, has given up undertaking in favour of Armageddon, and his fellow companion in the office, Corporal Jaggard, who spends his time doing everything in triplicate, was, in his earlier days, a lion-tamer in a Turin menagerie, and at the time of the outbreak of hostilities was engaged in the depressing vocation of collecting bad debts from a choleric public. It is just the same in the Mess; we have men drawn from every profession under the sun, and men who have travelled all over the world, from Hammersmith to Honolulu. Our latest addition is a genial spirit known popularly as "O.C. Goats," his particular job being the "handling" of the goats which used to arrive from time to time for the consumption of the Indian troops.

⁂ ⁂

In private life Totteridge, our R.T.O., is a professor of classics and ancient history; he has been R.T.O. for fourteen months now, and I doubt very much if to-day he could tell you the name of the gentleman whom Artemis petulantly changed into a stag as a protest against his indiscretion in watching her bathing, but, then, on the other hand he can certainly furnish you with absorbingly interesting information about the supply of empties and trucks that turn up from nowhere, with no destination in view. Totteridge is one of those sensitive, ultra-conscientious persons who are never free from worry, and when at 4 a.m. last Wednesday he received an urgent telegram from the D.A.D.R.T. that "I am informed by the Gare Regulatrice that you have a truck containing large quantities of tubes of paint which arrived December 13, 1915. Inform me immediately where are the goods referred to, and why the matter was not reported," he nearly fell out of bed with astonishment and mortification.

⁂ ⁂

How could a truckload of tubes of paint have possibly arrived without his knowledge? It was a baffling enigma. Five minutes later Totteridge, torch in hand, rushed from his billet into the outer darkness on a frenzied tour of discovery. Soon after noon Totteridge was observed to be swaying unsteadily in the direction of his billet and bearing on his features the alarming appearance of the athlete who has finished last in a Marathon race. Inquiries elicited the information that despite the most profound investigation the affair remained as much a mystery as it did at four o'clock that morning. At 12.15 Totteridge wired: "Impossible trace truck containing tubes of paint. Please give further information if possible."

⁂ ⁂

From that day a marked change began to steal over Totteridge. He rapidly developed all the characteristics of a broody hen. He became careworn and listless, his appetite failed him, he rambled in his speech, and when on one occasion he made pathetic reference to his wife and children, we knew that the affair of the paint tubes was beginning seriously to affect his health.

ORDERLY OFFICER (*on receiving complaint from mess orderly*): "Where's the cook?"
MESS ORDERLY: "Please sir, he always has his meals out on field-cooking day"

⁂ ⁂

Three days later Totteridge received a letter from the D.A.D.R.T. It said: "I enclose herewith copy of letter received from Gare Regulatrice *re* tubes of paint." Totteridge turned to the enclosure and found that the point at issue was "*des tubes de fer peints*," which, being interpreted, means "painted iron pipes," which pipes had been dealt with and reported on by Totteridge well over a month ago!

But what a life!

Yours ever,
Jack Johnson

WEEKLY HUMOURS FROM THE FRONT

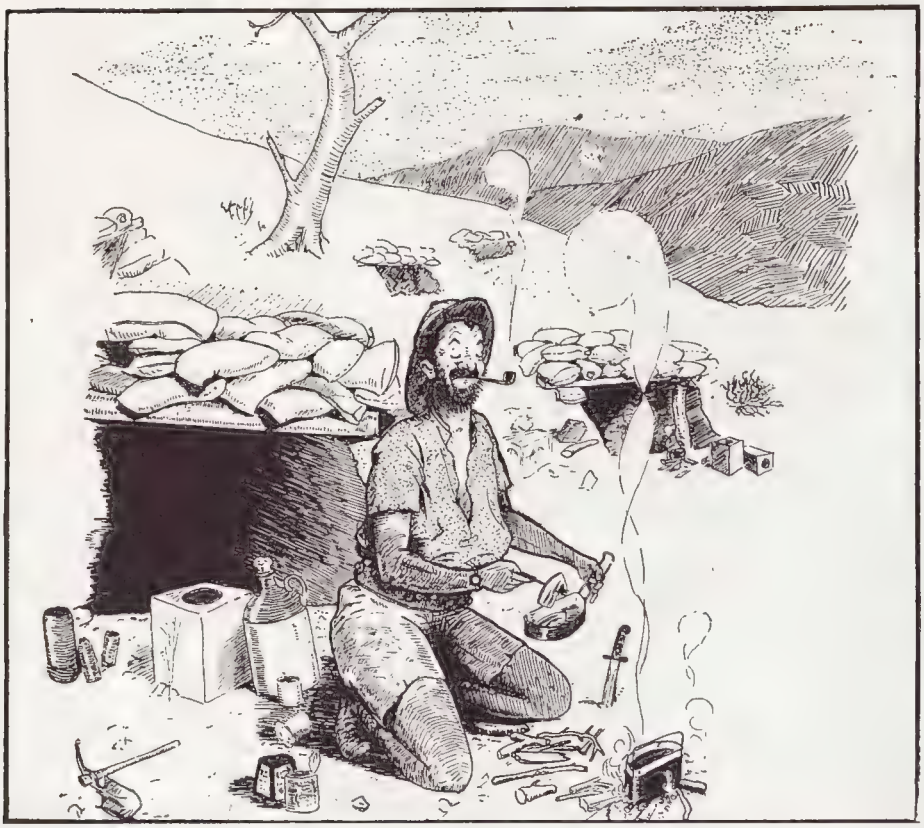
Pushfulness at Plug Street

Colonel Ian Jelloid of the Blobshire Rifles being an energetic and businesslike man believes in advertising as an antidote to stagnant warfare

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

From Our Soldier



[Extract from recent *Daily Mirror*: "*Tommy would rather miss his breakfast than miss his morning shave*"]

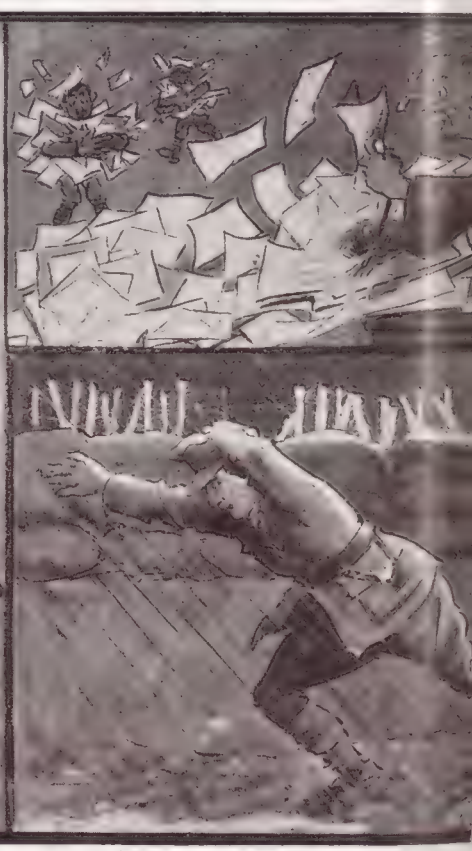
TOMMY (OUT EAST): "NOT ARF"

BY SERGT. J. G. COWELL

STICK-IN-THE-M

BY SECOND-LIEUT. W

HOW LORD ST. DAVIDS DEPICTS THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF



HOW THE HEADQUARTERS STA
BE DEPICTE

BY PRIVATE G. RUDKIN

Each of the above humorous sketches is drawn by a soldier on active service, and puts on
of it. "The Bystander" is always pleased to grant

Artists at the Front

) WARFARE
GOODBRAND (SALONICA)

F WOULD LIKE TO

SANDBAGGED!
BY SECOND-LIEUT. C. E. B. BERNARD

ecord an impression of the "Great War" as experienced by one who has been in the thick
eferential treatment to the work of its soldier readers

Nature at War with Neutrality

A SCENE OFF THE FLOODED ISLAND OF MARKEN

Which has suffered most from the recent inundations. The dykes gave way at four points along the Zuyder Zee coast, and a very large area of the Island soon became submerged. Other parts of the Noord-Holland province have suffered hardly less severely, and the floods have proved more disastrous on the whole, even than those of 1825

The Fallen Chancellor

BY GUY LYSLE

PAUL—what else did one call him?—the great Minister of the State, the people's Paul, trusted and worshipped by everyone—the one man whose honour had never been doubted; the splendid young Minister wiser than all the others that ever had been—so eloquent, so stern, and yet so tender to the down-trodden—this same Paul was resting in his tiny *châlet* at the foot of the mountains. Only that morning had he left the breathless capital with Jean, his devoted secretary. And the two of them had lain all the afternoon on the bank by the mountain torrent that swept through the garden.

The two had been strangely silent—Jean bowing to his chief's mood. Now and again he had stolen a glance at the Minister's face, and it was set and resolute, but the eyes were sad and wistful. So Jean became sad, too, although this world was a Paradise of sun and flowers, and singing waters, with purple mountains pointing to Heaven itself.

The old serving-man, who had come down from the *châlet* unheard, shuffled his foot on the grass to attract Jean's attention. He carried a visiting-card. Filled with a curious foreboding, the Secretary hurried forward. The name he read was that of the editor of the leading Opposition paper. If any man could be called an enemy of his chief this was he. And the fellow had come all the long way from the capital through the blazing sun——!

Jean touched the Minister lightly on the shoulder, and bent down to show him the name. Paul sprang up impulsively. "*Mon Dieu*," he gasped, the colour dying down in him. Then for the first time did Jean see fear and utter consternation in that fine clean-cut face. But in almost the same instant they passed, and the features hardened, and Paul, speaking almost in a whisper, said: "Tell him I cannot see him. Say I am ill. I *will* not see him to-day. To-morrow I will return—he may see me then."

But before Jean had gone twenty paces Paul called him back. "Only say I am very, very tired, boy," he almost pleaded. "Be polite—as you always are—and induce him to see me to-morrow—unless, of course, he is very pressing."

It was only when he was alone that the Minister sobbed. "So it has really happened! *Mon Dieu*, I feel as if the sun had gone out, as if the sweet earth was sinking beneath me, as if the blue mountains were falling. Oh, my country—my country!"

A few minutes later Jean returned with an envelope. Paul tore it open and read:

"SIR—You must see me at once, please. One who is very insistent has learnt your terrible secret. It is a matter to be dealt with without an hour's delay."

While Paul read and struggled with his emotions Jean's face was turned to the mountains. He had not dared to look at his chief. His strange instinct told him that trouble in some tragic and terrible form had fallen suddenly on his great master.

But Paul called to him. "Come, Jean, my lad—we will walk together to the terrace, and then you will bring this—gentleman to me, and leave us for a short while."

. . . .

The Editor was a brisk little man with a sharp pointed beard. Paul did not even rise to receive him, but motioned him to a near chair. Some doves cooed tenderly in the summer quiet.

"What do you want, sir?" Paul demanded, brusquely. The other, perfectly possessed, merely smiled. "It is that matter of four hundred and twenty million francs," he said quietly. "Let me see, was it two years ago that you became Colonial Minister as well as Chancellor? Those millions were drawn by you as Chancellor and received by you as Colonial Minister, and—well—where are they? The Colonial undertakings have not even been begun, in spite of your answer to an interrogation last month—if you remember?"

Paul slowly lighted a cigarette.

"Perhaps you might like to read this," suggested the Editor. "It is the proof of an article which seems to set out all the facts. It is only a proof, of course. I should be desolated if I were compelled to print it."

Paul read the article. It was astoundingly clever. It was damningly unanswerable. It was true. He *had* taken the money. He *had* misapplied it. He *had* lied in the Chamber, and as he sat there before the sharp eyes of that detestable little man a wave of heat surged up in him, filling his face—he was sure of it—with red shame.

"Let me offer you something," he said stolidly, calling in the same breath to his servant. Only when the man had gone did he lean forward and demand in a whisper, "How much do you want?"

The little man smiled for an instant, and the next was on his feet. "Not for me—it is not for me," he protested. "I am pained and startled. Others do this, I know, but not you. We all thought not you—but——. Well, there is the man who discovered it all. His is the silence to be paid for, and he is costly—very costly—very, very costly."

"How costly?"

"One million francs."

"And you?"

"Well, if you insist——."

"I do insist. Shall I say another million francs?"

"Sir, you are very good. But do let me assure you I never thought——."

Paul rose. "This can all be settled to-morrow," he said. "You will meet me at the Villa Borgia, in the Rue Latine, at nine o'clock. The whole thing must be silenced, of course—absolutely silenced—you understand that? The money on that condition will be waiting for you."

The Editor bowed low, and went.

"Silenced, of course—as if they *would* silence it—or could silence it if they would," muttered the Minister bitterly. "I am to be ruined—flung from honour to

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 202)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 201)

infamy, perhaps even imprisoned. But not *that* if I can help it. I have tricked them out of a day, a whole day, in which to fly."

Suddenly a sob broke from him. "Jean," he cried, "how can I tell Jean? Jean, who worships me. How can I tell Jean that I have robbed my country, and that my shame must fall on him also. Oh, Jean, Jean——."

"Sir."

The Minister bowed his head as he stood.

"Oh, sir, sir," sobbed the young man. "What is it that has happened? You are in the deepest trouble—no, you shall not turn from me. Ah, just remember that day my brother died—how you comforted me. How you laid your hand on my shoulder—like this—and led me away through the garden and amidst the orange groves, and drove sorrow away with your words. Now it is for me to do this, my master—come, come——."

For a moment Paul suffered the light touch, and then ever so gently freed himself.

"Jean," he whispered, "you must leave me, boy—now, and it may be for always. . . . I am disgraced, Jean. I must even fly to escape prison. To-morrow or the day after the whole world will hear that I have robbed my country. Every man and woman—oh, and how they trusted me and honoured me—will loathe and denounce me. Even the little children of the State, whom I loved so well——."

Jean's great eyes were blazing. "It is not true," he cried. "And you know, sir, it is not true——."

Paul faltered, only to murmur hopelessly.

"But I am going to run away and hide. I shall be denounced, and shall make no answer. I shall run away, I tell you——."

Jean caught him and held him. "I also am going with you," he said, simply. "If you had robbed the whole world I should go with you and try to lighten your agony. But you have robbed no one. You—oh, my master!—it is impossible——."

Paul impulsively laid a hand on the young man's head, and raised it, and gazed wonderingly into the clear eyes that met his own. "*Mon Dieu*," he cried. And that was all he could say.

But the next moment he had mastered himself. Jean must not share his shame. Jean must leave instantly. Would he bear a letter to the Minister of Justice?

Jean shook his head. "I am going with you. That is for me to settle. To abandon you would be *my* shame. I care nothing for the world. My heart tells me that you are true and great and honourable above all men. Yes, indeed—never more so than now. And deep sorrow has come to you, and I and you will share it together. When all is well, you may bid me leave you if you wish, but not now. Ever before, my master, have I bowed to you. There has been but one mind and one will. But now it is I that must decide. And I have decided."

. . . . . .

After journeying for three nights and days they reached a lone hut in the far mountains. At different stages they had been met by guides, each solitary and waiting their coming. In answer to a bird's cry some gaunt figure would spring out of hiding and bring food and wine and lead them on to the next point. Paul, as was the way with him, had left nothing to chance, and he was welcomed with deep deference by his men of the mountains. And at the end of the pilgrimage, who was there to greet them but Batiste, his old servant, full of concern for his great master's comfort.

The life of the next few months was rich in revelation to Jean, and in his simple faith Paul grew greater than the mountains themselves. The exiles opened their souls to the beauty that was about them. From their visions on the peaks they would come to their home with its books full of charm and imagery. And they had music, too. There was music everywhere in the mountains, and they trembled at its savage fury or wept at its tender sweetness. And now and again to Paul there were brought messages from the beyond, which gladdened him greatly, and once there came a letter, which he read and re-read and kissed and then burnt. Its words seemed to add fresh stature to him, and that night, when their simple meal was ended, he poured wine into Jean's cup and bade him drink to his King. And Jean drank—marvelling.

. . . . . .

The turmoil that fell on the world was whispered even in the mountains. Paul and Jean answered the summons and joined the eager, excited peasants, who were massing and drilling near the frontier. The Minister's beard had changed him out of knowledge. He was nothing but a great bronzed peasant who should have been a king, and Jean was a supple lad, brown and charming, a prince turned peasant. And Private Paul and Private Jean stood side by side in the ranks. Even now war was but a rumour, a menace, a tragedy that might even yet be averted.

Paul's regiment was, with several divisions, on the left corner of the frontier. An invasion on that point would be very difficult, but, none the less, it might be attempted. The easier and likely passage was some leagues away on their right. The dividing river could be crossed there, and the enemy would then have to reduce the belt of forts which guarded the little State. The enemy surprised the defenders by attempting both crossings at once, and the shells that fell on Paul's trenches at daybreak one fateful morning were the first announcement that Hell was let loose. The excitement which followed was intensified by patrols, who galloped in to report that the enemy had made a bold advance in the night and was coming up in strength to rush the position. Paul's regiment was called out of the trenches, and rushed forward to reinforce some troops who were holding an important hill. There, all was confusion. The guns already mounted were not heavy enough — others were coming—but till then this hill was to be held, whatever the cost. The men dug themselves in feverishly. Already the enemy had got the range, and every now and again great shells fell on the defenders, causing the hill itself to shudder and splitting the heavens with their roar. And in their trenches Paul and Jean crouched together, at the mercy of any death that might reach them, waiting rifle in hand, and gazing over the still fields and deep

(Continued on page 204)

Obviously !

OFFICER: "I belong to the Artists Rifles, my little man"
LITTLE BOY: "Are you the ones that draw the enemy's fire?"

into the shadows of the woods. No enemy was in sight. The friends often exchanged glances—each seeking in his fearlessness to bring calm to the other. At midday two officers came along. One was Paul's own officer; the other was in high command. Paul saluted, and to his wonder the General grasped his hand, and bent over it and kissed it. Then the two men whispered together for several minutes, glancing with eyes full of expectation over the stretch of flat country between them and the dim forts. The General gave Paul his glasses so that he might train them on the forts, and he left them with him, bowing low as he passed on. And Jean was thrilled when he looked into Paul's eyes. There was a proud light in them, and something of the wistful look of the watcher who is waiting for the near dawn.

That afternoon the hill was the hill of Hell. Shells were falling heavily, and the guns that alone could reply to the enemy were not yet in position. It was known, too, that under cover of their fire the invaders were closing in. The fate of the hill would be decided before nightfall. Surely guns and reinforcements would be ready in time! But something equally dramatic and more puzzling was happening in the great plain before the forts. Through his glasses Paul could see long shadows advancing. Jean saw them, too. "Why do not the forts open fire?" he cried in horror. "They are coming up in massed formation, and the forts do not engage them. Why they themselves are not even shelling the forts. They have kept their big guns for us." But Paul only smiled. "Be patient, lad," he said. "Something wonderful is to happen shortly."

As the afternoon sped dense black clouds crept up in the sky. The wind died down, and the air was leaden and breathless. The great shells ploughed into the hill more frequently. The din and horror of it all was hellish. The faces of the two men were drawn and mask-like, but a winged word went along the trenches that the guns had come and death would answer death. Paul's glasses were turned first on the woods in front of them, where the enemy were massing for their charge, and from there to the plain before the forts. Three things happened almost at once—a storm in the heavens, terrific, electrifying; a rending roar from behind, the first challenge of his own guns, and——! Jean caught him as he fell. Half-swooning, he saw Jean's agony-shot face and wide, staring, piteous eyes. A shell-burst had flung him over and sharp shrapnel had cut into him here and there. Blood streamed from his head and blinded him, but Jean held him and kissed it away. And then—just then—while life was still in him—the forts on the far right joined in an instant flame and thunder above all thunder, and flung into the massed ranks of the invaders a torrent of hell and death.

"*Mon Dieu,*" he gasped. "Look at it, Jean. They are my guns—*my* guns."

. . . .

The next day the great story rang throughout the world—the story of the Minister who had accepted shame to save his country. Two years before someone had discovered that the guns in the vital forts were worthless. What was to be done? Paul decided. New and good guns were to be secretly bought and secretly placed one by one. The probable enemy and her spies must be kept in ignorance of the change. For that reason he, with the knowledge of his King, robbed the Treasury and covered himself with shame. And for this same act of sublime devotion he drove, a few weeks later, bedecked with honour—drove through the streets of the capital crowded with madly cheering folk, sitting by the side of his King—with his dear Jean facing him. GUY LYSLE.

OFFICER (*to little girl who is lost*): "And who are you little girl?"
LITTLE GIRL: "Boo! Hoo! I'm mother's little ray of sunshine"

From Somewhere on the Seas

A snapshot of the mascot of H.M.S. "Vigilant," a chameleon, who is endeavouring, after the manner of his kind, to adapt the colour of his skin to the variegated hues of the cover of "The Bystander"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Honi Soit . . . !" at the London Pavilion

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"HONI SOIT" is French, and it means—if you don't look for it you won't find it, or something of that sort. This is quite the jolliest Revue I have seen, and I came away from it feeling a little disappointed that it should have been over so soon. It is, on the whole, a delightful orgy of loveliness and hilarity, and I learned for the first time that ladies in the chorus have to be measured for their "tights." I always thought you bought the things by guess-work and chanced it, but there are certain technicalities of the theatre that I have never been able to understand completely.

LEWIS DOUGLAS—THE SKATING DANCE

✲

ONE of the happiest little scenes in this Revue is called "Alone at Last." This is English, and means "*Enfin seuls!*" The scene is a private room in a fashionable restaurant, and the waiter in charge is in an acute state of depression. He had formerly been in the service of that one foundation of British respectability, the Athenæum Club, and when he heard that a young gentleman was bringing a young lady to dine in a private room he could not help suspecting the very worst. Still, as a moral man and the father of a large family, he is resolved that nothing untoward shall take place if he can help it. He pulls up the blind to mar the privacy of the apartment, and as soon as the young couple arrive, he hangs about as if he were actually part of the furniture of the room. The first things the young gentleman orders are—champagne and oysters, and the waiter rolls his eyes to Heaven at the news. He had feared as much! His general ineptitude prompts the young lady to ask him where he has served before, and he refers to the Athenæum with the conscious pride of one who has been permitted to commune with the angels. The lady, sadly enough, has never heard of the Athenæum. She supposes it to be one of these new night clubs, and adds, in a matter-of-fact way, that she had often wondered where the dear old bishops spent their evenings! The humour is very well maintained throughout the scene, the abrupt entry of the conscientious waiter at the most inopportune moments being as droll as anything you could wish to see. And, as it turns out, there had never been anything for him to worry about at all.

✲

ANOTHER and different style of cleverness is the burlesque of a melodrama entitled "Fallen Idols." Melodrama has, of course, been burlesqued often enough in Revues, but Mr. C. H. Bovill, the author here, strikes an entirely new note of excellence, culminating in a dramatic surprise which simply wrenches applause from the crowded house.

(*Continued on page 208*)

"ENFIN SEULS!"

In the Latest Hawtrey Play

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

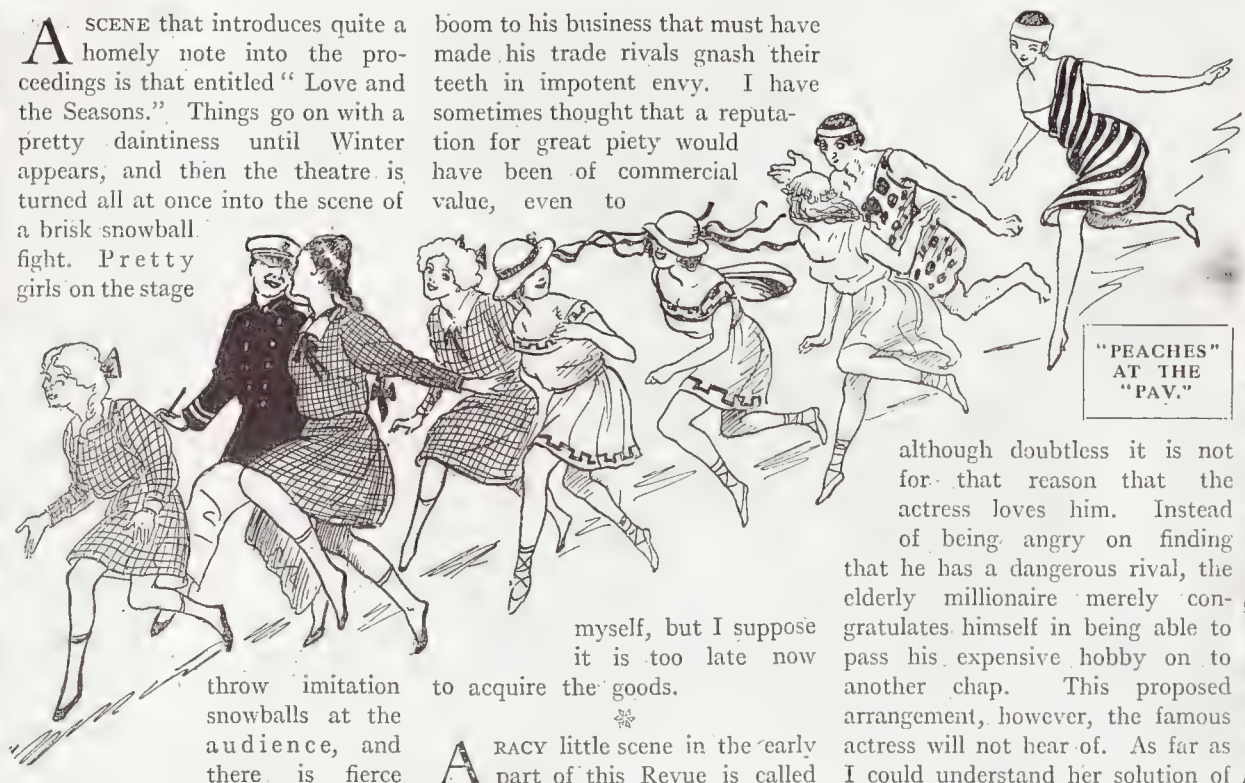
A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS GLADYS COOPER

Who is appearing in the leading part with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, in the new play "Please Help Emily," which was produced at the Playhouse on Thursday last

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 206)

BEAUTIES OF "BLIGHTY"

A SCENE that introduces quite a homely note into the proceedings is that entitled "Love and the Seasons." Things go on with a pretty daintiness until Winter appears, and then the theatre is turned all at once into the scene of a brisk snowball fight. Pretty girls on the stage throw imitation snowballs at the audience, and there is fierce competition for the fluffy little missiles in order that they may be returned---with more or less accurate aim. Some of the girls quickly belied the scandalous old proverb which alleges that a woman can't throw anything without hitting something behind her—one or two of them getting in a distinct bull's-eye every time. One young lady, on the evening of my visit, was wearing a beautiful, if somewhat parsimonious, costume, doubtless designed to set off to the best advantage her perfect figure, and once as she stooped down in a hurry to pick up a snowball the perfect figure very nearly took the law into its own hands, as it were. The fun was quite great while it lasted, the men in khaki very properly getting the lion's share of the give-and-take proceedings.



"PEACHES" AT THE "PAV."

TOPICAL allusions are plentiful enough, and references to the weaknesses of some of the more notorious of the Huns could not very well be left out. Then there is a hit at the "slim" Yankee who came over to Europe on a specially chartered ship in order to secure peace, and succeeded in giving a boom to his business that must have made his trade rivals gnash their teeth in impotent envy. I have sometimes thought that a reputation for great piety would have been of commercial value, even to myself, but I suppose it is too late now to acquire the goods.

A RACY little scene in the early part of this Revue is called "An Infernal Triangle," and it is a capitally acted trifle. The idea is that a celebrated Parisian actress walks into her boudoir one evening and finds a young man hidden there. He has come, he says, to confess his undying love for her, and while they are considering the pros and cons of the matter the lady's affianced husband (so they say!) strolls in. He is a millionaire, although doubtless it is not for that reason that the actress loves him. Instead of being angry on finding that he has a dangerous rival, the elderly millionaire merely congratulates himself in being able to pass his expensive hobby on to another chap. This proposed arrangement, however, the famous actress will not hear of. As far as I could understand her solution of the difficulty, it was that the millionaire should marry her and that the attractive young man should be the close personal friend of the new household. The curtain fell before this very fanciful arrangement had been agreed to, which leads me to believe that the millionaire was still considering it as a rather debatable question. I shouldn't wonder. JINGLE

COOLNESS UNDER FIRE

And Also Norway

NATURE PLAYS THE HUN AT THE EXPENSE OF BERGEN

TWO SCENES IN THE SECOND CITY OF NORWAY

After the fire on January 15 which completely destroyed the centre of the town. It originated in an ironmonger's shop, and the flames, fanned by the hurricane which was blowing at the time, were not finally got under until the morning of the next day. No lives were lost, but many thousands were rendered homeless and millions of pounds' worth of property was destroyed

The Vision Feminine

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

MORE sage—and generally impracticable—advice has been written on this subject than, perhaps, on any other, probably because it offers so wide a field to the vagrant imagination. But in this case the higher you fly, the fewer. To the moralist on his exalted plane one course, and one only, seems to present itself. He exhorts you to look about until you find persons yet more miserable when contemplation of your comparative good fortune should make you quite happy. Self-congratulation is then the order of the day.

"A recipe for turning a worn-out silk umbrella cover into a fashionable spring hat"

❀ ❀

WHATEVER satisfaction may be gleaned from this procedure when it is a question of moral contentment, there is not much to be found in it when one comes to practical things. That is where imagination comes in: the triumph of the ingenious mind. Sometimes it runs riot, to the amazement of the beholder and the delusion of the experimenter. At one time in my life I collected "helpful hints," and two of these, the glorious impossibility of which staggers the intellect, remain firmly planted in my memory. The first was a recipe for turning a worn-out silk umbrella cover into a fashionable spring hat, trimmed, presumably, with a stray rib or two, a bit of the handle, and the strap and button. The other was a half-column of minute directions for making a roll-top bureau out of a washing tub or half-barrel, three soap boxes, a kitchen bench, and two broomsticks. Picture, if you can, some unhappy woman struggling with the intricacies of such a problem! And the inevitable end: a single-trip ticket to the nearest madhouse.

❀ ❀

LIKE the ancient recipe for jugged hare, which begins, naïvely, "First catch your hare," making the best of things presupposes something to make the best of. I defy anyone, even the inventive geniuses quoted above, to make the best of nothing. Of course, there was Eve—but even she had a fig-tree.

❀ ❀

THE sensible woman is she who keeps her wardrobe well-stocked, and puts by such valuable assets as *démodé* evening frocks and wraps for future reference. Garments of good material, even though their vintage be that of the last great champagne year, prove astoundingly useful when the resourceful owner turns her mind to the vexed question of renovations. It is a poor evening frock, however venerable, that cannot be made into a most presentable tea-gown, either by itself or combined with another. Retired evening petticoats on half-pay are quite invaluable in this respect, provided they have not been allowed to fall into premature senile decay. This is the day of dug-outs—so far as dress is concerned. In these hard times, when economy imposes itself, bits of brocade, of velvet, tinsel, lace, and *ninon* left over from former toilettes or picked up at sales form a veritable gold-mine, for it is the trimmings that mount up in a frock.

"Where there are remains there's a way"

"Consider the possibilities of discarded furs"

❀ ❀

I SUPPOSE that hoarding is a vice; indeed, I have been told so with such emphasis and tiresome reiteration that I am convinced of it—especially since the modern house or flat does not, as

(*Continued on page 212*)

THE BYSTANDER'S

"FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE"

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER (Captain, Royal Warwickshires)

NOW ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS

48 PAGES

THE BYSTANDER begs this week to offer to the world, at the price of 1/-, a complete collection up-to-date of the "priceless" sketches from the Front by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather. Letters we have received by the score from officers and men on active service in all the theatres, assure us that nothing produced since the war began presents the actual facts and feelings of the fighting man so realistically or so humorously as do these sketches by one of themselves.

Portrait by E. O. Hoppé

Price 1/- nett.

(Post Free 1s. 3d.)

THE humour of Bairnsfather's sketches speaks for itself, but what appeals even more to "Tommy" is the fidelity to detail, which could only be shown by one who had been there himself. To get an immediate copy of "Fragments from France," is a duty you owe to yourself. No dug-out, billet, or mess room will be complete without it. And if you ever feel in a generous mood towards the enemy, cheer him up too by hurling a copy over to his trenches. It will prove a high explosive of mirth even to him, whose need for it is great enough, Heaven knows!

Send him one for himself and—

—Another to throw to the enemy

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FOREWORD, BY EDITOR.
"HOUSE TO LET."
WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?
MY DUG-OUT.
THAT EVENING STAR-SHELL.
"THEY'VE EVIDENTLY SEEN ME."
SITUATION VACANT.
"THE TACTLESS TEUTON."
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REPRISALS.
THE THINGS THAT MATTER.
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THAT SWORD.
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"THAT 16-INCH SENSATION."
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THE SAME OLD MOON.
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THOROUGHNESS.
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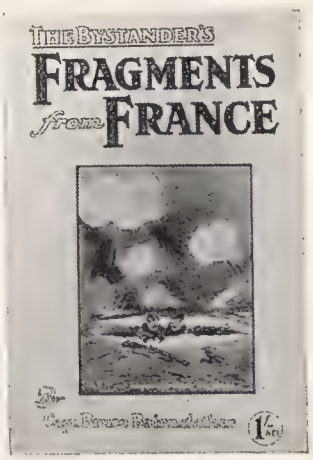

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THE VISION FEMININE (*concluded from page 210*)

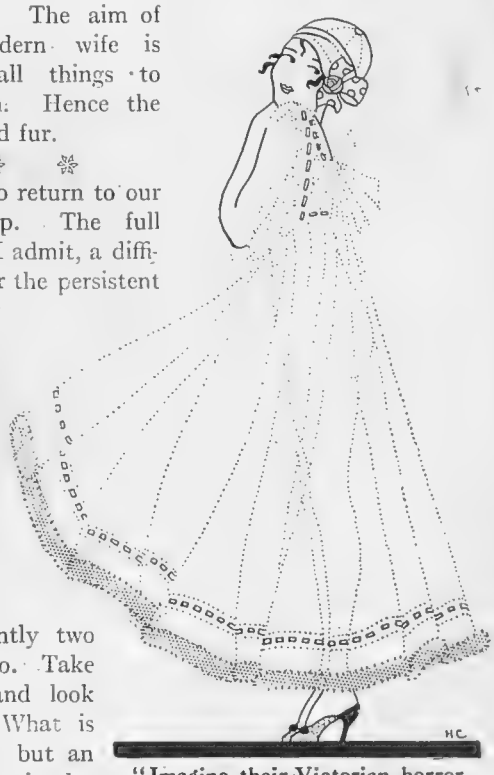
a rule, abound in cupboards and presses. Space, or the lack of it, is a serious consideration. However, the fact remains: blessed in these days is the magpie and desolate the foolish virgin (N.B.—A mere figure of speech—the married are also included) who has sternly refused to accumulate what she scornfully designates as riff-raff.

"What is the cape but an admirable circular skirt?"

CONSIDER the possibilities of discarded furs. An odd length of corduroy or plain velveteen, a remnant of silk, or an old flowered silk frock for lining, an aged stole cut into banding, and you have a new and fashionable coat. Even a muff, though scrubbed to disreputability on one side, will furnish a quite respectable collar. And as for a fur coat. . . . Take away the worn bits, cut off the edges, the broken seams, and combine what is left with velvet or heavy silk, and see what can be made of it. Now that fur is used on everything, including underclothes, the opportunities for using up odd bits of pelt are boundless.

❀ ❀

BY-THE-BYE, I wonder what our grandmothers would have said to a nightdress of chaste (?) and elegant design composed of *ninon* and hemmed with fur? Imagine their mid-Victorian horror at so shameless an exhibition of—what shall we say? In those days Cæsar's wife was the model, but we are no longer so innocently pagan; we prefer St. Paul, modified. The aim of the modern wife is to be all things to one man. Hence the *ninon* and fur.



"Imagine their Victorian horror at so shameless an exhibition"

❀ ❀

BUT to return to our sheep. The full skirt is, I admit, a difficulty, for the persistent hoarder has not yet had time to accumulate a reserve. But there is the cape, flaunted so gallantly two years ago. Take it out and look at it. What is the cape but an admirable circular skirt mounted on a collar instead of a waistband? Practically no alteration is needed. Join up the fronts and there you are. In the matter of renovation, where there are remains there's a way. EFEMERA

This Week's Maxims

ONE buys Experience with Youth, and Experience teaches us the value of Youth.

❀

ONE woman makes a man of a boy, another makes a fool of the man, and a third makes a husband of the fool.

❀

HALOS are cheaper than hats, but less becoming, judging by the appearance of the people who go in for them.

❀

A PREDILECTION for shoes and men that hurt is supposed to prove a truly feminine mind.

❀

THE reason that the sexes never really understand one another is that the only way a man and woman can get to know one another intimately is by having a love affair, and knowing one another intimately spoils the love affair.

❀

THE worst form of deceit a woman can practise is to look naughtier than she is.

NOWADAYS the only occasion on which it is incorrect for a girl to go out with a man unchaperoned is when she has not been asked.

❀

MANY a woman has a past simply because she could not resist presents.

❀

A MAN cannot see through a woman, but once he has done her up at the back he has a pretty shrewd idea of what is behind her blandishments.

❀

TO be jealous without cause shows a small nature, but not to be jealous when there is cause shows a small love.

❀

IF men could resist temptation, what would become of women and cocktails?

❀

WHEN friendship follows flirtation, love follows friendship. S.T.

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The Bystander in Paris

THE MAN WHO "KNOWS OF A CONTRACT"

WHY does one always meet talkative people, on a cold windy day, at an exposed street corner? You know what I mean? I met the American at the corner of the Rue Caumartin and the Boulevard, with the wind cutting like a razor-edge, and a little eager sleet drifting slowly, but painfully and adequately, down the back of my shirt collar. He took me by the hand, muttered "Excuse me half a minute," and remarked, with eyes half closed and *sotto voce*, "*Moosoo le directer*, or, of course, *mong colonel*, or whatever it is—*jer vyang delapardy*. . . ." I shook him. "Wake up, sonny," I said. "If you want to study your party piece, go home and study it, but *I* feel like the brass monkey of history in this wind. It's *some* cold." (I always try to talk American to Americans, if I can.) "Oh!—Ah! —— Yes! I'm pleased to meet you," he said. "You're looking very well." "Busy?" I asked. It was a most unfortunate question.

HE laid hold of a large round flat horn button like a young soup-plate. My tailor thinks buttons like this are decorative on a winter overcoat, but when I get paid for this article and have paid for my coat I am going to invest the rest of the money in barbed wire and have some put round each button. I will *not* be held up by a neutral at a windy street corner again, if I can help it. Holding the button with one hand, he plunged the other into a pocket and produced a lengthy document. "Say," he said. "You know French. Can I cut this cablegram at all? It's going to cost me God knows what good money if I don't." The notion of cutting anything was tempting just then, and I thought of Charles Lamb (or was it Doctor Johnson or Samuel Pepys?), who left a bore standing with his coat button in a crowded thoroughfare, and hurried off.

THE message, as far as I remember it, ran something like this, "Julia may have said no, but if you and Mary approach her hand in hand the marriage may come off." "Are you writing a novel by telegraph or what?" I asked. "See here," said the American. "Quit fooling. This is business. Do you think the passer will sense this—I mean the censor will pass this?" (It was very cold, and he was rather excited.) "No," I said, "I don't. The advertising manager might pass it into the agony column of a newspaper, but even then I think the police would want to know just what you meant." "Great snakes!" he said. "It ought to be clear enough. A friend of mine is trying to pull off a contract for . . ." and THEN I understood.

MY American friend used to be quite a decent fellow, but, of course, he is trying to sell war stores now, too. Every American you meet in Paris knows a man who knows a man who knows a man who knows of a contract. It's only a question of . . . and next time I meet a lawyer I'm going to ask him whether it would be brought in murder if you shot an American after allowing him to get as far as "a contract for . . . ." The lawyer, of course, will take some finding, though, because the French ones are at the Front, and the others are trying to sell boots or timber and know a man who knows a man. [We pay you by space. Say, "etc." EDITOR, BYSTANDER.]

EVER since the war began I have been forcibly reminded of Veneering's two henchmen in "Our Mutual Friend," who, as you will remember, took cabs and went about. The quantity of Americans and, for that matter, of people of other nationalities, too, whose professions have left them for the time being, who are trying to make large fortunes out of confiding Governments by taking cabs and going about in Paris is stupendous. They all want to sell something which they haven't got to somebody who knows somebody else who has the *entrée* to a Government official. It must be terribly exciting work.

THE procedure is something like this. A. wakes up in the morning, opens the newspaper, and sees the words "barbed wire." Immediately he realises that if he can find somebody who knows somebody who knows B., who has a million miles or a million tons or a million something so long as it's a million of barbed wire to sell, and somebody who knows somebody else who knows C., D., or E. who can get F. to induce a Government to buy it, he will make a fat commission. So he takes a cab and goes out to look for a bank to give him a guarantee. Then he—but I expect you know all about it. You *must* have these people in London. And my American friend with the Julia telegram is still waiting at the corner of the Rue Caumartin. I'll tell you in a whisper that being afraid of frozen feet (which, though they are fashionable, are unpleasant) I really did sacrifice one of those buttons.

I WENT off to the club and ordered tea and buttered toast, both very hot, please, and told the first man who came in about the American and the Julia cable. "Yes," he said. "Some of these fellows are really too absurd. It's annoying, because they interfere with real business." "Legal complications?" I asked (this man was a lawyer). "Ummmm," he said, owing to the buttered toast—*my* buttered toast. Then all greasy as he was, the brute went on. "Now I know a man who knows a man who knows a man who is willing to dispose of a forest. . . ."

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—DR. STEPHEN PAGET in the *Cornhill Magazine.*

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Books of the Week

A FINE HISTORICAL NOVEL

A Fine Historical Novel

THERE will always be a large public for the historical novel, nor does it greatly matter if the novelist thinks fit to take even an unfair advantage of history—which, after all, is largely a product of the imagination. In *The Death Rider* (Cassell: 6*s*.), a truly stirring tale of those troublous days in Italy when Julius II. was Pope, Mrs. Toye admits that she has played a literary trick or two with some of the historical personages mentioned; but what matter? The point is that she has written an exciting tale which contains just the right amount of correct "local colour" to satisfy everybody. Moreover, there is an agreeable absence of those conventionally horrible scenes which you have come to expect, and dread, in a novel of this kind. (The Borgias have been responsible for more literary evil than even Prince Charlie himself.)

Photograph *Vanayk*

MRS. FRANCIS TOYE

Whose new novel, "The Death Rider" (Cassell: 6s.), a stirring tale of Italy in the days of Pope Julius II., is reviewed on this page. She is the wife of the well-known musical critic and contributor to "The Bystander," himself a novelist

Success, and Its Price

The Death Rider of Mrs. Toye's book is one self-styled Malviso, who leaves his quiet country home for the gayer life in Rome. He is one of those headstrong fellows who are born to do anything so long as it is sufficiently dangerous or rash. And, indeed, Malviso goes from danger to danger. At the start his method of obtaining an introduction to the Pope is out of the ordinary. Made a captain in the Papal service, he obtains discipline by methods of his own, and attaches a poet and a lady to himself with little trouble. Angela is possibly not all that she should be, but she hardly deserves the treatment she gets. Malviso, however, is out for power, and has no compunction in getting rid of the girl on the appearance of the haughty Monna Bianca. Here, of course, the real trouble begins. An old witch had foretold so much, but Malviso, going from success to success, takes small notice. To abduct a Cardinal sounds impious enough, but Malviso does it. He can kill his man with the best of them, but even he is not powerful enough to ignore the women. And so at the end there is the tragedy of the chandelier. Mrs. Toye knows her period, and is to be congratulated on weaving her rather uncomfortable materials into so fine a story.

A Comfortable Story

When most Americans come to "do" England they follow a more or less stereotyped programme, but when Miss Virginia Bright had her money stolen after no more than a day or two's sojourn in this country, she resolved to go entirely off the track. In *The Fortunes of Virginia Bright* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s*.) Mr. Albert Kinross recounts the rather freakish adventures which came her way. As housemaid, she introduced novel measures. She restored a Socialistic son to his semi-feudal father. She made a poor baronet start a tea-shop in his own garden, and did not leave him until she had seen that it paid. She attempted to run a pierrot troupe, and on its failure took to hopping. And here she met her master, a young man from whose eye she had once extracted a too audacious fly. Wherefore two tickets were required for the return voyage to America. Mr. Kinross's book is of the vagabondish kind—a joky, out-of-doors, unconventional sort of story which passes an hour or two very comfortably indeed. R. S.

"Debrett"

The shadow of the war hangs heavily over the new edition of this invaluable work, which Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige edits for Messrs. Dean and Son (31*s*. 6*d*. net). In place of the usual plan of leaving out those who have died during the current year, *Debrett* now preserves the names of all those who have fallen in the war. Thus a splendid Roll of Honour is to be found within these oft-consulted pages. Among the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, Companionage, and their connection, no less than 800 names appear, something like 12 per cent. of the total of officers killed up to the end of last year. Thus there is a new nobility about this well-known and welcome volume, which now adds an historic note of pathos to its useful and correct and vastly extended pages. If *Debrett* were an absolute necessity in every library of old, this year it brings with it some touch of modern glory as well as the antique flavour of old brave deeds. It tells in the most direct way possible, without sentiment or colour, of the cool bravery of close upon a thousand men who had little to gain except a lasting crown of honour. E. M.

To Help the Wounded

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the well-known author, is organising a Grand Concert to be given at the Haymarket Theatre, on Sunday evening, February 20th, in aid of the funds of the Wounded Allies Relief Committee, Sardinia House, Kingsway, W.C. The programme, particulars of which will be announced shortly, will contain the names of some of our best and most popular artistes.

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English Opera that is Really English

"THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

MISS ETHEL SMYTH, in writing *The Boatswain's Mate*, has accomplished at least one feat worthy of record: she has produced a really English opera. Other composers have tried to do this before, usually with indifferent success. Obsessed by Wagnerian formulæ, they have striven to be heroic, but, unfortunately, "really English" heroes are few and far between. For my part I can only think of three: Nelson, Nell Gwynne, with Alfred the Great (cake episode only) a bad third. The gloomy pre-Arthurian Kelts who do duty as such are, mercifully, as unknown as they are boring. The fact of the matter is that the English cherish no legendary history of their own; they have commandeered that of the Jews instead. The traditional figures really familiar to all of us are those of the Authorised Version of the Bible.

SO Dr. Smyth judged well in thinking that "national" flavour must be sought elsewhere. She has found it in what I should characterise as musical comedy, had not the term come to be associated with a class of entertainment that can boast, as a rule, neither of comedy nor music. But musical comedy in the strict sense of the word precisely characterises *The Boatswain's Mate*, and, as such, it is truly typical of a nation that has always loved humour almost as much as it has disliked tragedy.

EVERYBODY has said—and truly—that *The Boatswain's Mate* is inconsistent with itself. For instance, there is no spoken dialogue in the second act, while there is a good deal in the first; the music, too, of the second act lapses at times into the "grand" manner, while that of the first act is quite straightforward. It is the business of a critic to point out these things, but I don't suppose the public will care much, and I am not at all sure that it should. There is plenty of fun, plenty of excellent music, both jolly and sentimental; what more can anyone want?

A WORD as to the performance, which was excellent. Indeed, it is difficult to know whom to praise most, Miss Buckman, Mr. Ranalow, or Mr. Courtice Pounds. The stage-management, too, seemed admirable, but that is becoming as common at the Shaftesbury as it used formerly to be uncommon in operatic performances elsewhere. The two real defects of the evening were the appearance and behaviour of a truly terrible servant-girl (who acted like a lunatic not only during the performance, but during the final "calls"), and, I regret to say, the conducting of the composer. A sumptuary law to prevent composers indulging in the luxury of conducting their own works would not be a bad idea. With very few exceptions they do it something less than indifferently well.

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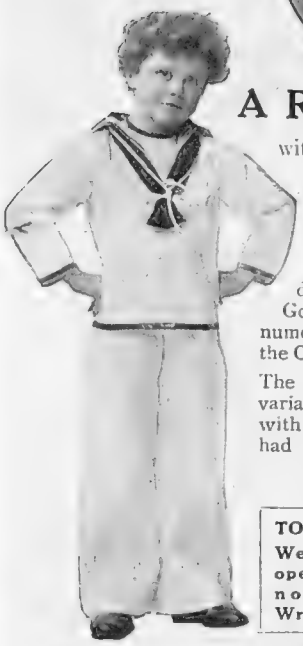

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Motoring Notes

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

THE HOME-COMING

An enthusiastic Sydney crowd gathered to welcome the first of their warriors wounded in the war. The Napier is in the picture as usual, the Napier being a prime favourite amo[illegible] motorists down under

The Experts Who Baffle

THE other day I read a symposium of expert views on the question of tyres. Hardly one agreed in material respects with any other. The non-expert, the harmless necessary consumer, was left exactly where he was before. He came for instruction, and was given an advertisement. And the consumer went sorrowing away, for he had spent a penny.

***

Coasting the Superlative

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***

Lo! the Poor Neophyte

BUT the poor neophyte—he who comes to the wheel without a yard of driving experience behind him—how is he to judge? To whom shall he go for direction upon this matter? Pennies are scarce. How to make them run the maximum in tyres? That is the problem. Finally, of course, it comes down to the same thing, individual experience. Primarily it may be a matter of reputation, of arresting advertisement, of the recommendation of a friend. Reputation in the absence of anything else is the only general guide. It is, generally, a fairly reliable guide—for general purposes. Consider Dunlop. That is the best-known and most used tyre in this country. It has lived a long time, and has maintained its reputation. The growth of its business has been tremendous. Suppose it ceased to make good tyres and commenced to make rotten tyres, and continued to do so. In a year or two it would be out of business. The fact that it continues to grow and prosper is evidence that it turns out good goods. Reputation consists of such evidence.

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Reputation the Guide

ERGO, the neophyte may properly buy upon reputation. His difficulty is that there are so many tyres of high reputation. There are Clincher and Avon and Goodrich and Goodyear, and a dozen others. Which is best? He will have to sift for his own answer. There is no other way. And even then he may not have his answer correctly; because the William Buggins tyre, without a wide public reputation at all, may conceivably be better than the rest. William Buggins may have struck a new idea. All manner of factors may have operated to repress his development of the idea. He may only be able to turn out 1,000 tyres in a year; and 1,000 tyres per year will not get him very far into the public eye.

***

The Little Fellow

SO it does not follow that a small maker's tyre is not quite the equal of the best big maker's tyre. The trouble is that the consumer cannot try every tyre. Tempus does fugit so; and the span of life is but three score years and ten. He hasn't time to try all the tyres of the little Bugginses. They may be ramps. He cannot risk wasting time trying ramps. The Dunlops, Clinchers, Avons, and the others well-known are, at any rate, not ramps. They get the business. And yet one among the Bugginses may be better than any. And poor little Buggins may die in a garret because he hadn't money enough, or friends enough, to get his tyre recognised in a day when it takes almost as much money to establish a new tyre on the market as a new newspaper. But it cannot be helped. The only way is to buy on reputation and sift for yourself.

THE SUPERB SUNBEAM

A particularly fine example of an inside-drive limousine body on a Sunbeam chassis. The body is coloured Dreadnought grey and upholstered in red plush. Electrical engine-starter and dynamo lighting are included in the equipment

***

Studs and Skids

THEN we have the burning question of steel studs or rubber studs, or cross-bars plain or with studs between, or a rubber stud fore and a steel stud aft. There is no general agreement. Each method has its champion who swears by it and swears at all other methods. The steel-studded tyre relies for its efficiency upon a biteable surface. If the surface is so hard that the studs cannot bite, as on asphalt or a frozen road, driving must proceed warily lest the biter becomes a skater and the skid finishes lugubriously. In such circumstances the rubber non-skid is doubtless the best wear. Speaking personally, I would as soon have rubber studs under any circumstances, although I grant you, for ordinarily soft roads, the steel stud grip can hardly be bettered. Where, however, the presence of frost gives unusual prominence to the hard and iron-bound highway, the rubber non-skid must be given a balancing prominence. One rubber and one steel stud and a couple of plains, will doubtless fill the bill in a general way; but opinions differ. It's again a matter of personal experience and "pursenal" resources.

IF IT IS FOR AUTOMOBILE LIGHTING there is a C. A. V. Lamp Bulb for every purpose—40-page illustrated catalogue containing valuable advice on Car Lighting post free to every motorist.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

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Fine old timber trees, tennis lawn, kitchen garden nut walk, paddock, in all ABOUT 3 ACRES. More land can be had.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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WITHIN A SHORT DRIVE OF HASTINGS.

EAST SUSSEX

(standing high in a beautiful and sheltered spot).

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, Furnished, or SOLD, charming old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, situate in matured grounds. 9 or 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, lounge hall. Excellent stabling and small farmery. Grounds and orchard, etc., of about 5 acres, and about 35 acres arable and grass-land.

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Amidst pretty country, near golf course.

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Lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, and servants' hall.

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Tennis and croquet lawns, good flower and kitchen garden and meadows, in all 8 acres.

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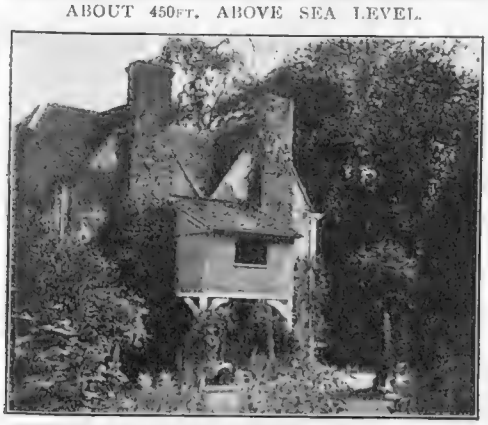

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HERTS.

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LOVELY VIEWS.

8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, and 2 reception rooms, servants' hall. Garage. Electric light. Beautiful old-world grounds of 3 acres.

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TO BE SOLD.

THIS PICTURESQUE HOUSE, situated 400ft. above sea level on sandstone subsoil, and commanding beautiful views of the South Downs. It contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; acetylene gas installed; excellent water supply; stabling for 3, heated garage, coach-house, etc.; shady pleasure gardens and grounds, including lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden and meadow, in all about 6 ACRES. 2 cottages can also be purchased.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,466)

IN A QUAINT OLD-WORLD VILLAGE, 1 hour from London.—Picturesque RESIDENCE: billiard and 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and modern appointments; cottage, garage, stabling; pretty grounds, 8 acres in all. For SALE by Private Treaty.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,476)

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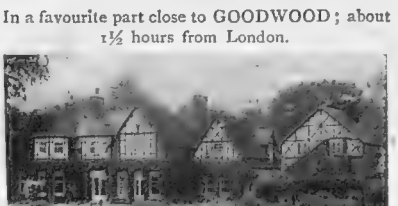

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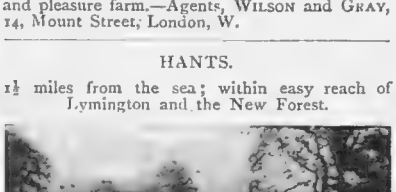

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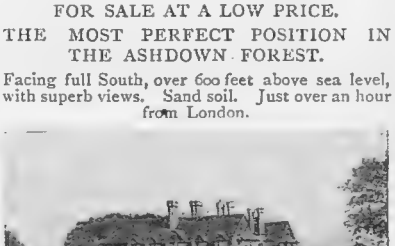

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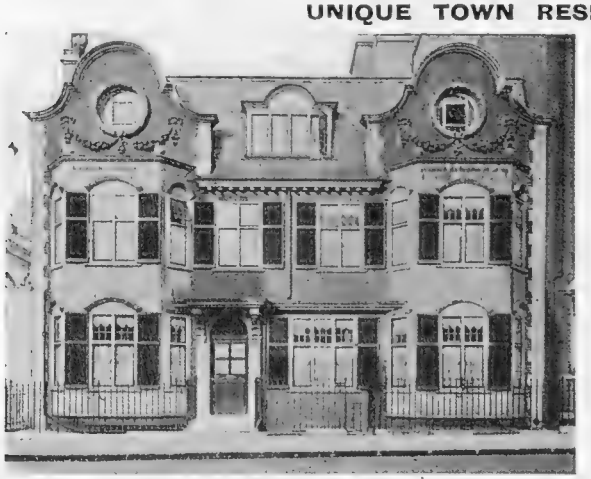

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Cost £6,000. Price for quick sale £2,000.

SURREY (lovely rural spot, half an hour from London).—4 handsome reception rooms; including billiard room (30ft. by 20ft.), bath, 9 bedrooms; gas; wired for electric light; main water; gravel soil; stabling, garage; beautiful old-world and heavily-timbered pleasure grounds and grass-land of 3 ACRES. £1,500 could remain on mortgage if desired.

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with rose gardens, Dutch garden, sunk garden with lily pond, bulb garden, terraces, double tennis lawn, bowling green, woodland walks, lake, herbaceous borders, pergolas, kitchen garden, orchards, glass houses; stabling, garage, farmery; 2 cottages.
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WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME; 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES. Freehold, £1,375.

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HERTS (40 minutes from King's Cross, between HATFIELD and HITCHIN).—An attractive RESIDENCE: 3 good reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; telephone connected; superior cottage, stabling, garage; very pretty pleasure grounds and
40 ACRES OF PARK-LIKE PASTURE-LAND.
Price, with 5 acres, £2,000; further land £30 an acre.

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HERTS (G.N.R., 1 hour from King's Cross, 'midst lovely country).—An imposing and massively-built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; Company's water; main drainage; stabling, motor garage; cottage; farmery; charming old-world and heavily-timbered pleasure grounds and grass paddocks of
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HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF.
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FOR SALE, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 large reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, handsome billiard room (all on 2 floors); beautiful pleasure GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER and pasture-land, 13 ACRES; good stabling and motor garage; all in excellent repair. GRAVEL SOIL. Price £3,000, or offer.—Inspected and strongly recommended.

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If served at every meal you will enjoy your meals more, get greater nourishment and require less meat.

SAMPLE POST FREE.—If you cannot obtain of your Grocer send 2d. in stamps for sufficient to make 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup, or send 1/- for six varieties to Foster Clark, Ltd. (Dept. 30), Maidstone.

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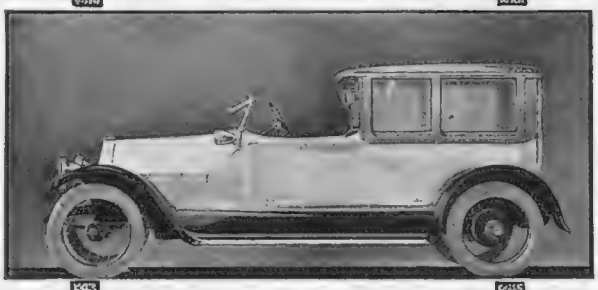

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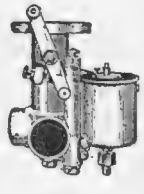

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Unparalleled for producing abundant glossy hair.

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Army and Navy, Barker's, Harrod's, Selfridge's, or direct from HELEN CAVENDISH, Radio-Active Toilet Specialist, 120, New Bond Street.

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Immediately soothe the throat and allay irritation

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SESSEL (*Bourne Ltd.*), **14 & 14a New Bond St., London, W.**
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DORAKLEEN Complexions

DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD.

Dorakleen Beautifying Skin Food is unique in its stimulating properties, it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-** the pot.

LINES AND CROWSFEET

To eradicate Lines and Crowsfeet is the first aim of every woman who wishes to retain her youth. The Mlles. Dorakleen have brought out a wonderful preparation to obtain this result, name: Eau qui Brûle, a powerful preparation, which at once stimulates the skin to activity, and so the lines disappear as if by magic. The Eau qui Brûle should be used at night and the Crowsfoot Paste patted in afterwards, as this cream, by nourishing and feeding the delicate skin round the eyes, prevents the reappearance of the disfiguring lines. Eau qui Brûle, **7/6** and **15/-** per bottle; Crowsfoot Paste, **4/6, 7/6** and **18/6.**

UNDUE FLUSHING & SHINE

The Dorakleen Liquid is a remarkable preparation which overcomes oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and also reduces undue flushing of the nose. It whitens the face, and is most useful in removing dust, grease and travel stains. Price **7/6** and **15/-** per bottle.

WRINKLES

AN EFFECTIVE FACE TONIC is the demand of many women. This demand is fulfilled by the **Norsk Extract,** an anti-wrinkle lotion which refreshes and braces up the skin most delightfully, price **6/6** and **12/6.** Special Skin Tonic is quite a boon for dry sensitive skins, as besides toning up the skin, it soothes and cools it.

LOOSE OR FLABBY FACES

The **Crême de Cleopatre** is a new stringent balm, which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues, and the beauty of this preparation is that it may be used at any time that the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for Face Powder. **3/6, 7/6** and **15/-.**

A GOOD FACE CREAM

A good Day Cream that contains no Glycerine, which is so injurious to the skin; this function is fulfilled by the **Crême Lilas,** which used under powder gives the lovely soft velvety look to the skin, so much desired by all women. Exposure to the head and cold does not affect it, and anyone who uses the Crême Lilas will not get 'shiny' or greasy. **2/-, 6/-** and **12/6.**

A CLEANSING CREAM

To be used instead of excessive washing, which is drying for a sensitive skin. This purpose is answered by the use of **Dorakleen Cleansing Cream** and **Crême Amorette.** The former, besides clearing the skin of all impurities, absolutely removes any roughness or irritation. The latter has a wonderfully whitening effect on the skin. **3/6** and **10/6.**

Crême Amorette, 3/6, 6/6 and **12/6.**

NEW METHOD of ELECTROLYSIS

All letters and calls are only attended to by either of the Mlles Dorakleen.

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Dorakleen Complexion Salons,

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'PHONE—MAYFAIR 4160.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 6 & 4/6.

Fashions Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THAT dress is going to be more of a problem than ever this year I think most of us are already admitting. There is decidedly more interest being taken in it than has been the case since the war began, not only here, but in Paris, the bigger *couturières* who have never once relaxed their energies at last finding their persistency rewarded. But this will tend to increase rather than to lessen the difficulties of those who to-day have to consider very seriously ways and means. Dress is going to be very, very attractive and tempting, and depleted incomes will need to face certain tantalising situations. For the temptation to spend, and spend freely, will be great, and a mistake is likely to cost dear in view of the quantity of material now absorbed in a gown and the consequent increased cost.

A Typical Afternoon Frock

What impresses me already is the marked femininity of the new fashions, the outward and visible sign, many believe, of a like change in mind and manners. Well, well, we shall see what we shall see, for there is a good deal of ground to be dug over in that regard. Meanwhile our skirts continue to *bouffer* and spread, and our bodices to tighten, a typical example of an early spring afternoon frock being shown in the adjoined original sketch by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. The main fabricating medium for this is *faille*, of navy blue, *tête de nègre*, or wine dregs. On the skirt there are posed three cross-way bands of velvet, apparently mounting little cross-way frills—an idea that is effectively picked up in the bodice, in a twisted *ceinture* of the velvet, finishing at one side with a cluster of small shaded roses. The frill about the neck is of delicate ivory net, into the folds of which another little posy is thrust.

THE FEMININITY OF THE NEW FASHIONS

A typical example of an early spring afternoon frock, designed in accordance with the current canons of correctness, and carried out mainly in faille and velvet. Sketched by Dorothy Millar, and described in detail on this page

A Haven for Hospital Nurses

There is no community of women more appreciably affected by the terrible exigencies of the war than the brave band of hospital nurses, who, either at home or abroad, are devoting their lives to the care of our wounded soldiers. Women who, until now, have never known what it is to face hardships of any kind have enrolled themselves members of the British Red Cross Society or the St. John Ambulance Association, and thus gained the privilege of helping in some way or another in hospitals and nursing homes for officers and men. Although working together in unity to attain the same glorious end, these two great nursing societies have certain individual attributes all their own, which make the members of each proud to exploit the regulation uniform; but so subtle is the distinction expert advice on the subject is very essential. Moreover, there are certain V.A.D. grades, all exacting a particular dress, which very greatly enhances the advisability of going to Garrould's, Edgware Road, where everything pertaining to nursing is accorded the closest attention.

"Uniform" Excellence

For many years now Messrs. Garrould have specialised in this subject, and instead of the extra strain on their resources occasioned by the war harassing them in any way the demand has been met by extra efforts that have given universal satisfaction to all concerned. Not only are the orthodox requirements of the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association supplied under the best and most liberal auspices, but the entire realm of hospital nurses is taken into the same close consideration, so that there is no single need, either in

(*Continued on page* x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

connection with clothing or professional *impedimenta*, that is not forthcoming at its latest and best.

Just a word, too, about the very admirable value to be found at Garrould's, the prices asked in every instance being extremely moderate, while materials, style and workmanship are of the best. For example, the regulation British Red Cross Society winter coat illustrated is made of good quality West of England serge, and yet costs only 29*s.* 6*d.* to 2 guineas, a cravenette expression, suitable for warm climates, being procurable for 31*s.* 6*d.* and 35*s.* 6*d.* The accompanying hat, in best quality navy felt, can be had for 5*s.* 6*d.* post free.

Messrs. Garrould have issued a large and comprehensive catalogue that will be sent post free for the asking, or there are small illustrated leaflets, specially arranged both for the Red Cross Society's and the St. John Ambulance Association's uniforms, the latter being supplemented by full particulars of the various V.A.D. uniforms.

REGULATION WINTER COAT

For a member of the British Red Cross Society, as supplied by Messrs. Garrould, Edgware Road

The Care of the Complexion

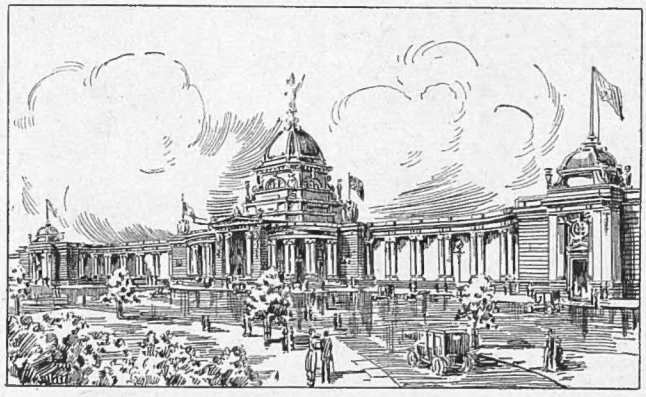
That Nature requires assistance either to maintain or augment beauty is a readily acknowledged fact, but in no direction is it more apparent than with the complexion. However fresh and beautiful the skin may be in the first place, exposure to rough winds and weather, and weary night watches and worry, invariably leave a mark that only some carefully selected extraneous application can successfully eradicate. And yet so many women, even those who fully appreciate the value of a good complexion, will not take the trouble to ascertain if the emollient they use is really pure and reliable. Oh! the folly of such a procedure, when Clark's Glycola Cream is to be found at most of the best stores and chemists, or, at any rate, Clark's Glycola Company, Ltd., 71, Oak Street, Cricklewood, will send samples of their own excellent and exclusive preparations on receipt of three penny stamps.

Outdoor girls who have used Clark's Glycola are waxing very enthusiastic over its invaluable services in preserving a smooth, bright complexion in spite of hours spent on breezy golf links, motoring, and such like occupations, a very few applications speedily ensuring a pleasing result, no matter how much the skin has been exposed to rough weather. It is non-greasy, and not in the least degree sticky, which greatly enhances its value, especially when used on the hands.

But even the most miraculous of face creams, and Glycola may justifiably lay claim to such a title, is unable to perform its allotted duty of beautifying the complexion unless aided and abetted by an equally good, reliable soap. The evil influence of an inferior make saturated with potash and soda would be difficult to combat; hence the vast importance of combining the treatment with the use of their equally admirable and thoroughly reliable Family Glycola Soap. No matter how rough and chapped the face and hands may be, a regular use of Clark's Glycola Cream and Family Glycola Soap never fails to produce the desired softening effect, as one and all may judge for themselves, since the prices asked are in no way prohibitive, in spite of the supreme quality of all the ingredients employed.

The National Egg Collection for the Wounded

Mr. H. G. Holmes, chairman of this most meritorious institution, writes: "For some weeks past the number of eggs sent in for our wounded and suffering fellow-countrymen has been barely sufficient to meet even half the requirements of the base hospitals. I feel sure the public have only to have this fact brought to their notice to remedy the matter with their usual kindly promptitude. I would call the attention of those willing to assist us that if unable to send eggs they should send cash, as the Committee are in such a position as enables them to purchase at special rates any number of new laid eggs required and at the shortest possible notice. Friends may also, under Mr. Carl's idea, 'adopt' one wounded man by sending either 1*s.* in cash or seven new laid eggs for his one week's use. Souvenir stamps are to be had in books of twenty-four or forty-eight, price 2*s.* and 4*s.* respectively, and may be obtained from any depôt of the National Egg Collection or from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. J. Dartnall, at 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C."



THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY AS IT WILL BE

Early in 1917 an Exhibition will be opened in this building which will be erected at Willesden Green at a cost of £200,000, and will cover an area three and a half times the size of Olympia. It is to be known as the Palace of Industry and the Exhibition as the Industries of the Empire Fair, and it will be the greatest Trade Exhibition ever organised. Between two and three thousand exhibitors and upwards of seventy distinct trades will be represented

Choosing a Watch

As a daily source of annoyance through the "regularity of its inaccuracy," as the Irishman said, a cheap watch means loss of money. On the other hand, with a watch upon which you can rely for train-catching, appointment-keeping, and so on, there is always a feeling of confidence that in itself is worth good money. Undoubtedly it pays in the long run to own a reliable timepiece. But you must make the right choice at the start, and to simplify the problem it is advisable to get a copy of the new edition of the Waltham Watch Book from the Waltham Watch Company (Dept. 57), 125, High Holborn, London, W.C. Whether you want a watch for use on the wrist or in the pocket there is no question as to the investment value of a Waltham. What our grandfathers said about them is just as true to-day: "You can always depend upon a Waltham." The book is sent post free to any of our readers.

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122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Well-made solid bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites up to **300gs.** Several fine antique Queen Anne and other Tallboy chests, gents' wardrobes, &c.

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table, by Burgess, **15gns.**

Several sets of complete Old English table glass, from **£4 15s.**; two oak American roll-top desks, at **£4 7s. 6d.** Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs, at **17s. 6d.**; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, **£8 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, **42s.**; several luxurious Chesterfield settees from **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match from **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; also a quantity of very finely carved oak, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adams' design furniture at equally low prices.

SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS.

George Brinsmead, **27gs.**; nearly new pianoforte, by Venables and Co., **14gs.**; a good tone pianoforte, in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, **12gs.**; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley, **18gs.**; Collard and Collard, **14gs.**; a splendid tone short grand, in handsome case, **25gs.**; and several others, all in excellent condition.

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, Landaulette Body, as new, **£250**, cost £1200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new, **135gns.**

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SOAP ~~& WATER~~

SOAP and Water only remove the surface dirt and leave irritating waste matter in the pores of the skin. OATINE gets down into the pores and removes these accumulations and thus cleanses thoroughly, so that the complexion soon regains its youthful and healthy appearance.

Rub a little OATINE on your face; you will be surprised at the amount of dirt it will bring out. Unless this grime is removed, skin health is impossible.

Prove this for yourself—purchase a jar at your chemist. OATINE is on sale everywhere, price 1/1½ and 2/3 a jar. Ask for

Oatine FACE CREAM

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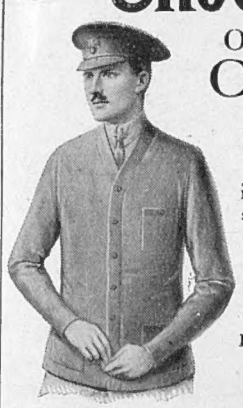

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The Menu: Un Dîner Maigre

Cream of Haddock Soup
Curried Haricot Beans with Eggs
Red Cabbage Stewed (a Belgian Recipe)
Rhubarb Mould
Cheese Omelette

Cream of Haddock Soup

Take a fresh haddock, wash it, and cut off the head, tail and fins, skin and fillet it, put the head, bones, etc., in a saucepan with two quarts of water, one onion, one tablespoonful of oatmeal, a bunch of parsley, pepper, and salt. Boil gently for one hour, stirring occasionally, and then pass through a sieve, remove all bones from the saucepan, and replace the stock with 1 oz. of butter. Stir until the butter is melted, then add the fillets of haddock, boil until the fish is cooked, about ten minutes, and then pass soup and fish through a hair sieve. Re-heat and serve with bread cut into dice and fried. Whiting, plaice, or lemon sole may be used instead of haddock.

Curried Haricot Beans with Eggs

For this dish the following ingredients are needed: One pint of cooked haricot or butter beans (preferably the latter), three hard-boiled eggs, 2 oz. of butter, two small onions, half a sour apple, one tablespoonful of ground rice, half a pint of stock, one tablespoonful each of curry-powder and curry-paste, half a tablespoonful of grated or desiccated cocoanut, one lemon. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the chopped onion and apple, fry for a few minutes, then add the ground rice, curry-powder, and paste. Cook for five minutes. Now stir in the beans, add the eggs in slices, and the stock. Add the juice of a lemon and the cocoanut, season to taste, make the whole thoroughly hot in the curry sauce. Serve in a border of well-cooked rice.

Red Cabbage Stewed (a Belgian Recipe)

Strip off the outer leaves of a red cabbage, wash it, and cut it into the thinnest slices possible, beginning from the top. Put it into a stewpan, with 2 oz. of melted butter; add pepper and salt, and stew it very gently in its own juice, stirring it frequently and pressing it down. When quite tender, add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and mix up thoroughly; put the cabbage in a hot dish, and serve fried sausages round it.

Rhubarb Mould

Cut up two quarts of forced rhubarb in small pieces, put it into a covered jar or dish in the oven with a teacupful of water and 8 oz. of castor sugar. When the juice is extracted, strain and dissolve in it 1 oz. of soaked gelatine with the juice of a lemon and the grated rind. Add a few drops of cochineal to make it a nice colour. Boil for a few minutes, then pour into a mould, and leave till set. Turn out and serve with whipped cream or custard.

Cheese Omelette

Break three eggs into a basin and whip them till well mixed, add salt, pepper, and 2 oz. of grated Cheddar or Parmesan cheese. Melt 1 oz. of butter in the pan; when it is quite hot, pour in the egg mixture, and stir quickly to prevent sticking. Keep shaking the pan to prevent it from burning, spread it over the bottom to let it cook through, and watch it very carefully. When just set, put a knife under the omelette, and fold it over. When of a pale brown colour, turn it out of the pan into a hot dish.

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